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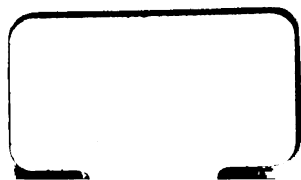
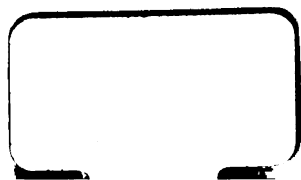
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ELWELL

Fiction (Amer.)



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**AT THE SIGN  
OF THE RED SWAN**



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# THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

BY  
AMBROSE ELWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY  
REGINALD F. BOLLES



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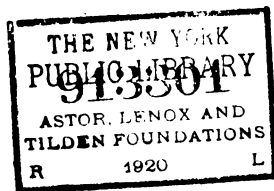
# AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

BY  
AMBROSE ELWELL  
1

ILLUSTRATED BY  
REGINALD F. BOLLES



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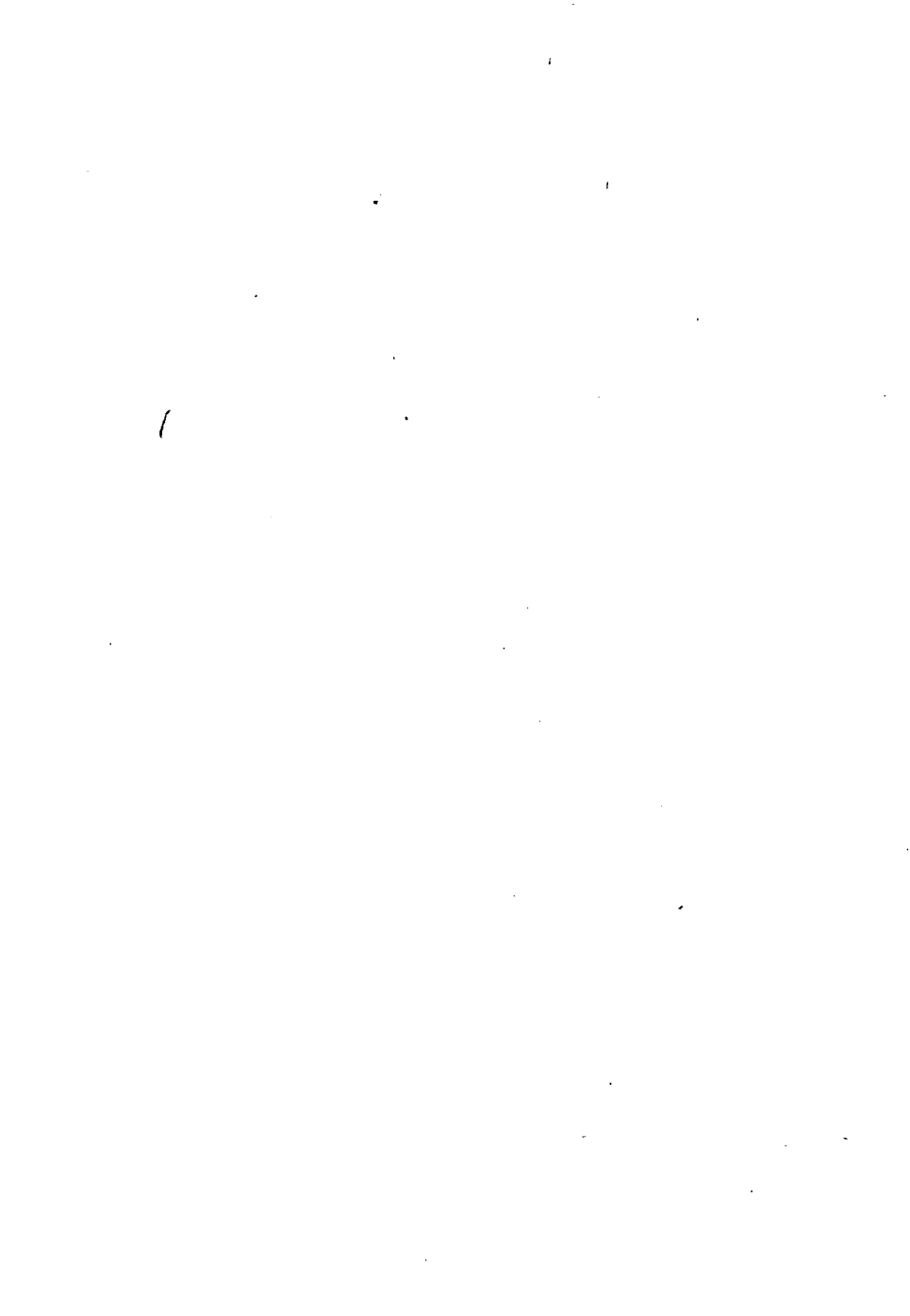
***T*****HIS**, the story of my life, is dedicated to those Americans whose fathers and grandfathers lived in New England within sound of the sea; to those honest and industrious women whose sons have gone forth to the uttermost parts of the earth carrying within their breasts an affection and respect for the humble firesides of Maine; to the wives and mothers of the toilers of the sea who make possible the strength and virility of the world's best mariners and keep sacred the memories that go forth in the minds of men where the sky and horizon meet.



# CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	I LEAVE HOME . . . . .	I
II	A TRIP TO THE BANKS . . . . .	24
III	THE BLUE SHIP TAVERN . . . . .	46
IV	I START FOR HOME . . . . .	64
V	I LEAVE THE RED SWAN . . . . .	87
VI	CONDEMNED TO DEATH . . . . .	101
VII	MOLLY HORN . . . . .	115
VIII	I ESCAPE . . . . .	133
IX	A SHIP . . . . .	152
X	THE BARK NEPTUNE . . . . .	165
XI	OUR MARRIAGE—HAZEL'S STORY . . . . .	213





# AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

## CHAPTER I

### I LEAVE HOME

If the tale I am about to tell, the story of my life and adventures, shall be the means of clearing my fair name and of interesting those outside the circle of my friends, I am glad to give the world the following facts, so varied, so unusual. And I set them down the more willingly in the hope that those who follow me along life's way will not judge their fellow men without proof positive.

I have often wondered whether it would be worth while entirely to portray these remarkable happenings. I hesitate to trespass upon the credulity of the reader, yet, perhaps, this story of the life of an humble and grateful human being will be of benefit to others.

So I have set down here my life's true story. As I look back over my three score years and ten,

## 2 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

many places, facts and occurrences unroll before my eyes. All can be easily verified, and, indeed, they may be known already to some who read my story.

My name is Ambrose Elwell. I was born on Christmas Day, 1848, on York's Island, near the Isle au Haut, off the coast of Maine. The first sound that I remember was the breaking of the surf on the outside of our little island and the lapping of the waters on the shores of the rockbound cove in which my father's fishing boat was moored. My father was a hardy lobster fisherman, strong in mind and body, but much smaller in stature than I became. My mother was a saintly woman, kindly and patient. She was born far to the north on the mainland, and was a woman of no mean education in those times. I might say here that she was a very pretty woman, of excellent physique and of sterling worth.

In winter our island surely was a desolate and bleak spot for the habitation of any human being, but there was no more beautiful spot in the summer and fall. The house in which I was born was located on the narrow neck of land which formed the western end of the tiny harbor, to-day used as

a refuge for small fishing vessels. To the west of our cabin, across a mile or so of eddying blue water lay the beautiful Isle au Haut with its dark deep blue hills. As a child, I remember, I used to lie on the ground and gaze across this stretch of water, broken here and there by dark rocks and foaming, swirling reefs, to see the fog banks gently lift from the tops of these hills, as the crisp northwest winds blew and dissipated them seaward.

Up to the time I was seven I had never seen even a village, and I remember distinctly that a great event in my life was the first time my father sailed me in his small sloop shoreward, through the channel known as Merchant's Row, in and around countless rockbound reefs and islands, to the nearest town and seat of government, known at that time as Green's Landing, on Deer Island. I remember how large the tiny stores seemed to me, as I trudged through the little town holding my father's hand, and I shall never forget the great schooners anchored in the harbor, which seemed to my childish imagination like mountainous ships. This first trip in itself was an education to me, and filled me, I am sure, with that first spirit of wandering, that, in after years, stimulated within me a spirit of ad-

#### 4 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

venture, which, I believe to this day, is largely responsible for this story.

At the time this chronicle begins, I was nearly six feet tall, long-limbed and muscular, with hair of reddish tinge. I inherited from both my father and my mother a kindly disposition, and it took much to anger me. If I may say so, I possessed an even temperament and an unusual ability, for a lad of my age, to keep my own counsel and mind my own affairs. It must be remembered that in this respect, I was much like all boys born to a life of hard work and accustomed to face the natural hardships of living on an out-board New England island. The luxuries of life were entirely unknown to me and I had few opportunities to learn the various games and sports which other boys are accustomed to enjoy. My father, my mother and my younger brother Joseph made up the circle of my little world. However, I absorbed a knowledge of the things of nature about me and learned to love her beauties.

Naturally enough I had no fear of the sea, for when I was but twelve, I had been for several years my father's chief helper. It was my daily task to rise with him at four o'clock in the morning,

long before sunrise, and together we would sail out in our ice-covered boat towards the broad Atlantic. Then it was handling and pulling at the freezing lines and ropes. In this way I assisted in hauling in his many lobster traps, the contents of which were the sole means of support of the family. But I was also valuable to him in many other ways. Both my brother and I gathered piles of driftwood that came up on the shoreline of the sea, and, furthermore, it was our duty to spear flounders on the mud flats and catch groundfish with hook and line, all for bait for our lobster traps.

It is safe to say that the foundation of my education was given me by mother, but how she ever found the time to clothe the family, do the chores, and give my brother and me a common school education is more than I can understand. The countless noble women, who have lived on the islands far off the coast of Maine, often solved this problem, but the secret of their success can be known only to those fearless, industrious women themselves. But my mother managed to find time to teach me to be useful in many ways too numerous to mention, and also instructed me in the rudiments of the simple Protestant faith, although, until I was fifteen, I confess, I

## 6 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

had never been inside a church. And then it happened in this way.

One bleak day late in November my father started on his usual early morning trip, to pull his traps and get the catch. I remember distinctly that the night before there was an unusually heavy northwest storm, and that the great seas broke on the outside of the island. Freezing vapor covered the island with a glassy whiteness.

For two days previous to this the sea had been piling in, and my father, fearing that many of his traps had gone adrift, was anxious to locate them and rebait them. Alone he left the harbor in his little sloop and never appeared alive again. In seven days' time his body was cast up on the little sandy beach which stands just beyond the jetty of the harbor.

The suffering of my mother was pitiful to look upon. Day after day she walked to the little knoll back of the cabin so that she might the better look out over the sea. Hour after hour from earliest dawn until the last rays of the sun disappeared behind the shore-hills far to the westward, she did not give up hope, scanning the ocean seaward with the aid of my father's telescope which, by the way, came

into our possession from my great-grandfather who was drowned within a few miles of our island.

Every sloop or sail which appeared nearby or far out to sea in any direction gave my poor mother hope after hope, all proving to be only the sails of some unknown fisherman or else boats of friends of my father's assisting in a vain search to find some token or vestige of his disaster.

As the seven days wore away my brave little mother gave up all hope and requested that our friends should give up the use of the grappling iron with which they had been dragging the sea's bottom. Tearfully she said, "The sea will give up its dead some day, and when it does, we will lay him away in the little cemetery near the white church at Head Harbor."

Since that day I have often thought of these words. It is needless to say there stands in my memory the keenest affection for this little white church with its tiny spire near which my father's body rests. Somewhere in your memory there may be the picture of a church nestled in some New England village. Its spire may raise itself above the old elms, a picture of simplicity and whiteness, and with its history in some manner, there is woven a



## 8 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

portion of your life. The tolling of the tiny bell in the belfry may sound to you as it did to me, a sound of sadness marking the passing of a good soul to a better world, and the summoning of a father to the unknown.

The old pews of the church told me the stories of friends and families come and gone, or separated, and as I sat there the walls silently seemed to echo their voices. It was there at my father's funeral that I received inspirations and ideals for my good conduct which took deep root within me, and it was there that my young heart burst forth into sadness, reverence, and devotion for my father's memory.

I realized that every phase of human existence was 'neath the shadows of the church. Death, marriage, mirth, laughter, labor, love, like the never ending tides nearby coming and going, were breathed in the atmosphere beneath that church's portals.

How little I knew what adventures and experiences were in store for me! It made no difference wherever I was in the future or under what unusual and strange conditions I found myself, time and time again the picture of the old white church with the pleasant winding road before it was a landmark for me. And as I write this strange narrative, the

friends of my father come and go before me to the tolling of the bell. Many of those friends have gone to hear the tolling no more.

At that youthful age the old doorway even impressed me with its coolness and in the tiny cemetery near by I remember there rested the friends of my father and companions about whom ~~I had often~~ heard him speak. It is needless to say I treasure the picture with its innumerable ties. So, wherever I have been, the thought of the little meeting-house at Head Harbor brings to my reflections a world of things pertinent to my innermost soul.

I have heard the chimes of great churches and have seen magnificent cathedrals and other sumptuous edifices of spiritual abode, but the little white church of my youth standing near the shore on this outboard island is dearest and nearest to me. It is my belief that each person has some house of worship far away off the coast of Maine or Nova Scotia, in the hills of the Berkshires or in some New England village, on the sands of the Cape, or in the hills of New Hampshire or Vermont, holding for them the best of memories and inspirations.

There are many like me who have traveled far over the surface of the earth and long to return to

## 10 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

the friends waiting in the village, by the hill or by some sweet river where the water flows beneath the old familiar bridge, near the walks through fields or piney woods on shaded paths or roadways. As a child I did not have the good fortune to play in those fields or fish in the brook or roam through the woods to the little red schoolhouse. Neither was I fortunate enough to return to find the apple blossoms blooming, for I took root on a rockbound coast 'midst the sternest things of nature.

Thus it was that Joseph and I saw our first glimpse of a church in the edifice to which we took our father's body for its final resting place.

Although only sixteen or thereabouts, I feel that I quite appreciated the gravity of the situation when we returned across the water to the cabin home. I remember my mother sitting so still in the stern of the boat, with scarcely a tear to moisten her then pale cheek. Little Joseph, somewhat solemn, did not seem to appreciate that our provider and father had forever gone or that we two lads must henceforth wrest a living from the sea.

I will not attempt to describe the two years until I was eighteen, but I may say with some pride, that by hardest labor my brother and I were able to sup-

port my mother in ordinary comfort, and even at that youthful age we were able to market the fish and lobsters caught and make weekly trips ashore to sell them to the lobster smacks trading along the coast.

Believing that I could the better provide for my mother and younger brother, and remembering the coasting vessels I frequently saw in the harbor at Green's Landing, I one day sailed there and coming alongside of what appeared to me then to be a large schooner, I climbed on board and asked the captain if he would ship me as one of the crew.

He was a typical Maine coaster and, looking me over with a kindly smile, asked me if I had ever done any coasting. I told him my story, in which he seemed considerably interested, and in a short time it was agreed that I should come on board the next day.

How well I remember the little islands when I sailed back to tell my mother the news! That night, sitting on the steps near the cabin door, she earnestly entreated me to change my mind, but I argued, "Joseph is now sixteen and he will be able to help sufficiently with what I can provide and, besides, the wages which I obtain will be for us nearly all profit."

"My son," she said, "the world is very large and

## 12 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

very strange, and your life here has kept you entirely from a knowledge of it. The man who follows the sea for a livelihood faces endless labor and a narrowed confinement which breaks its bonds from port to port. If the sea is to be your chosen work, I wish you Godspeed, but I realize that it is the beginning of a separation which will be permanent, except for your occasional home-comings, and for a few years at least I beg of you to remain, not alone for your own good but for mine as well."

"But," I replied, "my wages will be nearly all profit and it is for you and your sake that I am going."

"I pray," she answered, "for the day to come when you and Joseph can take me inland and the sea and its perils will not always be before me."

So I assured her that I would not follow the sea except for such time as I might be able to save and accumulate enough to buy a home on the mainland and pursue some other occupation.

"Ah, Ambrose, my son," she pleaded, "the heart of youth little realizes that ties and affections, ideas and intentions, be they of the best, change like the shifting of the winds from north to south, from east to west, but I know your kindness of heart and feel

sure that whatever you undertake you will come out of it well and will not forget me who has labored so long and patiently for you. So, if you must go, so be it."

Then, I kissed her and went to my bed leaving her sitting out gazing steadfastly over the darkening waters and listening to the breaking of the sea on the beach where my father's body was found. Next morning she bade me tearfully an affectionate goodbye, and my brother considerably excited and elated with the fact that I was now about to learn so much and see so many things set me out across the bay.

"Joseph," I told him, "I expect to go this first trip to Portland and soon I shall come back with my pockets jingling with money. If it were not for mother, in a year or two's time you might be doing the same thing."

Whereupon he assured me that with the little life insurance my father had left and by his labors, with what I could turn in to the family treasure, all would go well, and that doubtless my mother's brother for the time that I was away would live with them and assist him or help manage our affairs.

So, as we sailed across the bay, we were both in a happy mood and filled with the boundless enthusiasm

## 14 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

of youth, neither of us dreaming for a moment what was in store for me. In two hours with the old-fashioned grip which belonged to my father, stuffed with all my worldly belongings, I became one of the crew of the old *Mary Willie*. Once upon a time she had been one of the best fishermen sailing out of Gloucester. And as we came around under her stern, I noticed that "Gloucester" was her hailing port. She had been mustered into the coastwise trade a good many years before, although the old time lines of the fisherman made her unique as compared with other schooners of her size in the harbor.

Capt. Williams was a mild-mannered, hardy son of the New England coast, with a long gray beard and stooping shoulders coming from the loading and unloading of lumber from trips to and fro, up and down the Penobscot River carrying his freight from Boston to Bangor, Portsmouth and Portland. When he discovered, in talking with me before we sailed out of the harbor, that I had never seen a city, kindness seemed to take possession of him and he assured me that if I so desired I might change my mind. "It's tough, lad," he said, "to be leaving a widowed mother with a stripling of a boy to care for her."

I then had to convince him, as I had my mother, that I was doing the best for all concerned, but I confessed to him that I had two objects in view when I said, "Well, we talked it over last night and it seemed best for me to go, besides, Cap'n, my grandfather was master of large ships and some day I'm bound to see the world."

"Well, lad," he replied, "what's in your breast has got to come out, and I'm guessing that it's ideas like yours, that sent so many sons and daughters of the state of Maine goin' forth to the uttermost parts of the earth." Then stopping for a moment, he continued, "And some of 'em returns and then again — some of 'em is never heard of no more. It's spunk like this which has given the Atlantic and Pacific as well as the China Sea and the India Ocean the cap'ns and masters of the Clipper Ships to Calcutta and Japan. I've been there myself. I was lost once on the coral reefs near Bermuda and I've seen two typhoons in the China Sea." Such conversation as this only stimulated within me my desire to see the same things, and, if the captain meant to deter me from going, his remarks in fact were only an incentive for me, on that eventful beautiful morning.

"Well," he said, "salt water makes men, and if



## 16 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

you are bound to go and leave the best mother you've ever had, and you're bound to choose the 'calarrap and slat' of the sails to the humming of the tea-kettle in a snug harbor, I'll not say no to you," and lighting his pipe he turned and walked away.

I put my grip in my bunk and soon was engaged in helping pulling on the halliards, hoisting the main-sail and foresail. Then began work on the old-fashioned windlass, overhauling the rough chains as the mud-covered anchor came up beneath the bow. I was embarking upon a great adventure of life, and did not know how long it would be before I should again see that dear spot of an island or the blue hills standing high above the shining waters fading in the distance. Little did I dream of the time that would pass before I should again see my brother and mother and sleep in my comfortable bed with feather mattress and feather pillows upon corded rope springs, listening to the night winds and the patter of the rain on the shingled roof, or hear the gulls scream around the Eastern Ear while the great rollers broke around the spindle of the Roaring Bull. How little did I know of the lagging days and hours I was to spend longing in a most unexpected manner to see and hear those familiar places and sounds in-

delibly stamped on my mind as my dearest possessions!

The little vessel beat her way past Mark Island with its little white stone third-class light, and across the bay through the Fox Island Thoroughfare into the beautiful Penobscot Bay, passing Sugar Loaf and the Fiddler, unique landmarks.

Far out to sea settled low against the horizon the captain pointed out to me the two Green Islands.

"There," said he, "is the greatest place in the fall of the year to shoot sea ducks and drakes. When I was a kid, I used to go out there every fall gunnin'."

"Yes," I said, "we shoot a plenty around York's Island!"

My boyish heart sank within me when I thought of the tollers made of wood which Joseph and I had made together and of the happy hours we had spent in our dory shooting the silly birds tumbling into our white-winged wooden decoys. In the west lay the Camden Hills, cut clearly in the now approaching sunset, bathed in pink and purple glow which shot out across the top of Mt. Batti, flooding Islesboro and the lesser islands with the heaven's pink. In fact the many islands now were all new to me and

that night, when farther out to sea, on the rolling deep, I saw the great light on Monhegan Island, it seemed as though I were in some strange and unknown world.

"Can you steer?" asked the captain. "Can you box the compass?"

"I ought to be able to," I said, for I felt sure that I knew how to do both fairly well. Then I took the wheel and the captain stood beside me, telling me more of his interesting experiences and hair-breadth escapes. We worked our way towards Portland, and soon I became reasonably proficient in handling the vessel. With head-winds it took us two days to "beat her" to this city, which, as I gazed upon it from a distance, seemed to be a mystic city as we passed the twin lights of Cape Elizabeth, Portland Head and Ram Island. Great ships lay at anchor and steamships went and came. When I put my foot on shore the first night, I was seized with a desire to see everything at once, and I wandered up and down the streets, peering here and there, with a certain kind of lonesomeness which only a sailor can have when ashore for the first time in a foreign port. It was a beautiful night. The moon shone brightly over the city with its countless great elms long since

destroyed by fire. The never-ending lights and crowds of people old and young were things entirely new to me and attracted by pictures depicting murder and crimes, my footsteps led me into a theatre packed with persons of all sorts. From my seat in the balcony I looked down upon the throng below me while the actors swayed the audience with a play which, if I remember the title correctly, was "Murder Will Out." Surely it was a strange play for me to see, and I followed with intense interest and excitement the villain who prepared a web of evidence and finally succeeded in enmeshing an innocent person in a ghastly plot which ended with conviction and sentence. The enthusiasm of the audience at times lent itself to loud hand-clapping, hissing and cheering, and I found myself despising the evil-doer and applauding the love and affection of the heroine. When the play was over, although it was nearly eleven o'clock, the crowd loitered on the streets and the bar-rooms were full of loud-mouthed, cursing sailors. I remember in one public square an officer was dragging a young man through the streets, followed by a jeering crowd and my imagination immediately set itself to work to such an extent that I wondered whether the youth thus being arrested was

guilty of the crime I had just seen in the play.

Slowly my steps took me back to the waterfront to watch with keen interest the fitting out of a large fisherman, which a burly stevedore on the dock informed me was "Bound for the Banks to-morrer, and was lookin' for a crew." The dories lying spoon-fashioned on the deck, piled up in this fashion in such large numbers, were quite novel to me and the masts which seemed so great to me then shining in the moonlight entranced me. I studied the heavy rigging and the model of the vessel so superior to the old *Mary Willie* which had brought me there and with longing eyes I looked upon this trig little schooner.

Adventure and excitement surely were in my mind for I resolved at once to ask Capt. Williams if I might leave him and not return to Bangor with him in order to ship on the fisherman which stood so staunchly before me.

The stevedore on the dock again spoke to me saying, "Hey, mate, why don't you get a berth on the *Nancy Hanks*, she's a damn smart little vessel, and if you're in luck you can stock a couple o' hundred in two weeks' time? Besides," he continued, "the grub on her is the best grub out o' Portland and, if

you're looking for a short trip to get yer eye-teeth cut, there ain't nothin' better than fresh fishing or a slack salter, to the Banks and back."

We leaned against one of the spiles on the wharf and I told him I would go if I could get away from the *Mary Willie*. I would see the captain of the *Nancy Hanks* in the morning.

"The *Mary Willie*," said he, "she ain't nothin'. She's older than Methuselum, and while she used to be a smart sailer, Hell," said he, "she can't get out of her own way now! I'll bet cher a good plug of the best chewin' tobaccer that the *Nancy Hanks* can sail round and round her, just as though she was anchored or standin' stock still. I tell yer, lad, there ain't a smarter Essex-built fisherman than the *Nancy Hanks*, and Captain Hatch can smell his way to the Banks and back and make two trips while the rest on 'em are making one. When yer go back to the Isle au Haut and can tell 'em you've been to the Banks on the *Nancy Hanks*, you've said something that'll make them clam diggers sit up and take notice. Why, if I was a big, lanky devil like you, I wouldn't waste my time coastin', five minutes. The coasters is all covered with bed-bugs, and they ain't any of 'em that dares take a breeze o' wind, skinning along the

## 22 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

shore loading and unloading every two or three days in some gosh-darn gunk hole!"

I immediately began to realize that my experience thus far was considerably frowned upon by my idle friend, and I afterwards learned that there was some truth in his remarks, so offering him a cigar which I had proudly purchased somewhere up the street, I turned away with my mind now entirely made up. When I reached the *Mary Willie* I climbed down a great spile, for it was by this time low-water, and landed on the deck.

In the morning I told the captain of my wish to leave him and bargained with him that if he would let me go, I would be glad to take only half of what pay there might then be coming to me. "Well, son," said he, "how about the folks at home? I thought you'd be back there in a week or so, for I expected to load with corn for Bangor and I could've dropped you off on the way up river twenty-five or thirty miles from home."

I noticed that he had rather a twinkle in his eye, for at a glance he saw that I was destined always to seek new experiences, and that the *Mary Willie* had already become in a few days' time, an old story with me.

"I know," I replied, "but, when I return, I want to be able to say that I've seen a little something of deep water, and, besides, I believe (quoting the loafer's words) that my share of the stock in a couple o' weeks will probably be a couple hundred dollars."

"Yes," said he, "an' if it comes easy, it'll go easy, but if you want to get out I ain't got no objections."

The next morning with just five dollars in my pocket, I boarded the *Nancy Hanks* and, by what seemed to me then to be good fortune, shipped on her for a round trip to the Grand Banks. As luck would have it, I came on board just in the nick of time, for in less than an hour, after I had deposited my grip in the forecastle below, down deep in the bow of the vessel and had put some of my earthly belongings underneath my mattress and pillow, in the soggy bunk in a poorly lighted cabin, we set sail.

A tug pulled us out of the harbor. With a crew of twenty all told we stretched up the sails as smooth and flat as a board. They seemed enormous to me as we hoisted away, and sailing down the harbor my second adventure had begun.



## CHAPTER II

### A TRIP TO THE BANKS

That night at sea the weather was foggy and rough, and with all sails set and a stiff southerly breeze we took an easterly course towards Cape Sable and the Grand Banks. Our vessel glided like magic out of the harbor and in less than an hour's time we were past the lights and the shore began to sink behind us in the distance. Fortunately I was not seasick, and indeed I never have been. The crew were of several nationalities, Swedish, Danish, Yankee, Portuguese, and I remember there were among them three Maine boys, one from Searsport and one from Thomaston, the home of deep water sailors, and also if I remember rightly a green farmer's son from Milo. His name was Tucker, and I remember distinctly that Captain Hatch laughingly remarked one day, that he had hands as big as a ham and he was as strong as an ox. Poor fellow, he was woefully seasick each day and this was, as it proved, his first and last trip.

All the crew were rough, kindly disposed men, bragging big stories of the sea, of their travels and voyages, of the brothels they had been in and the proverbial sweethearts in every port. These stories stimulated my imagination and made me eager to see what they had seen and do what they had done.

From eight o'clock to midnight I was on deck. The twinkling phosphorus in the water was unusually brilliant on all sides of the vessel, more so at the bow than at any other place, and unusually brilliant when the waves broke in constant endless succession under the jib-boom and under the bow. It was the same phosphorus that I had seen so many nights sparkling in the seaweed, and dancing on the shore when there was surf at my island home; and here again I had a severe pang of homesickness watching the dark rushing waters and wondering what my mother and brother were doing that night.

The thick wet fog dampened my clothing, till at length I was chilled to the bone, and this only increased the homesickness within me.

At twelve o'clock I went below and with others of the crew drank heavily of black coffee and ate my fill of bread and "salt hoss" which gave me a much better feeling and, incidentally, an everlasting thirst.

## 26 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

Then I turned in and went to bed in my bunk, while the gentle rolling of the vessel, the noise of the waters and the creaking now and then of the mast and the booms lulled me into a sound slumber.

The next morning the same feeling of lonesomeness and homesickness quite got the better of me and I wished a thousand times that I had not so quickly left the *Mary Willie* and was on my way back to the more peaceful waters of Penobscot Bay, for I calculated that I might have been bringing home a small sum of money, and I wondered many times whether I had not caused my mother unneeded distress by my endeavors to assist her in seeking my fortune.

The day broke clear and fine. We had changed our course, I found, owing to a more easterly slant of the wind, and were sailing not many miles south of Monhegan, the island where I had seen the great light at night so recently. At length the sea became calm and the endless slat, "slat, callarap and slat" of the reef points and the rigging became a continuous monotonous sound as we rolled and rolled in the trough of an oily sea. The great boom of the mainsail had to be lashed for fear that the mainsail would "come over," and tear out the traveler from its fas-

tenings. Surely, if ever I was to be seasick, I had the best possible opportunity to indulge in this most common pastime, but as I have stated before, I have never had the slightest weakness in this regard.

The noon-day sun beat down upon us with considerable warmth and strength. Looking shoreward I could see to the north the low faint outline of hills, surely forty miles away. These were the Camden Mountains of which I have spoken before. This glimpse of terra firma increased my belief that perhaps coasting, even with less remuneration, was preferable to deep sea fishing, but with the springing up of a strong wind which came off shore blowing from the northwest, the *Nancy Hanks* sprang into life again and plowed along through the rolling sea, causing me to forget my homesickness which by this time considerably weighed me down. The clear cold wind acted immediately as a tonic, I found, to all on board, for soon the lifeless crew entered into a more cheerful mood. I learned then and there that a fisherman sailing on shares dislikes to waste his time in a smooth sea with no wind, because the expenses of the vessel become the greater with the length of the voyage and the division of the profits therefore becomes correspondingly less with each day's ex-

## 28 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

pense. So thus it was that a few hours' rolling, besides causing an uncomfortable physical condition, tended to make the crew less jovial, because each hour thus spent in idleness was an expense in some measure to each soul on board. It is for this reason that the fishing vessels on our coasts have to be smart sailers with good seamen prepared to put their vessel through fog and storm, taking chances for which they are equipped, not alone for the sake of making a hasty trip, but also for the reason that at all times they must endeavor by every known method to bring their fish to market before their catch spoils. This, of course, does not so forcibly apply to the vessels equipped for longer trips, furnished with salt and ice to preserve their catch, like those which sail to Iceland or are gone for long periods on other fishing banks in the Atlantic.

That afternoon one of the Swedes got out his accordion and played some jiggy music to which several members of the crew danced. When the Swede was tired, the Searsport boy, I remember, gave us an excellent concert with a concertina which he handled with great skill, playing many of the melodies which are common along the Maine coast, including "Smith's Hornpipe," "Kendall's Reel," and

"Drinkwater's Portland Fancy," which he rendered with such excellent time and spirit that we clapped our hands to the music and shuffled our feet in various steps as we walked about the deck. Captain Hatch was a most jovial soul, stoutly built with an iron constitution and eyes which seemed to see everything at once.

I remember that almost in the same breath, when the hilarity was at its height, he yelled out, "Take your partners for the 'Portland Fancy,' eight hands around," and then almost instantly cried out, "All hands on the main sheet," at which the music ceased and in an instant six or seven men were pulling in the mainsail for the wind had slightly headed us at that moment. The vessel stood stiff upright, and took each puff of wind as steadily as a church. "I ca'late," the captain said to me, "we'll be running not more than fifteen or twenty miles to the south'ard of the Isle au Haut, and, if it's as clear as it is now, we ought to see the light on Saddle Back." I did not answer but towards midnight I came on deck. He pointed out to me in the clear night, not only the lights on Saddle Back but later the lights within the homes near the white church on the Isle au Haut!

A lump was in my throat as I turned away and I

### 30 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

wondered whether or not I saw the twinkle of a tiny light a mile or so to the east, separated from the Isle au Haut by that little strip of blue water. I pictured to myself the mother and brother waiting there alone on the island while we were bound, God knows where, out into the broad Atlantic.

Little did I realize the next morning, gazing in every direction out on that endless ocean, that the fortunes of my life were so engulfed with the never-ending rolling whitecaps, and that the encircling horizon line held in store for me adventures and a bondage which to-day is like a ghastly nightmare.

Long coils of cod-line were being rigged every few feet with countless hooks, and skilled baiters cut up bushels of shining herring in pieces with which to bait the trawls; each trawl was coiled with great exactness and with marvellous speed in half-barrels and tubs on deck.

The captain told us that within twenty-four hours we would be on the Grand Banks. He said the very color of the water would show us when we were on these famous fishing grounds of the Atlantic. The crew told me that often fishing vessels were obliged to ride out severe storms and during such weather, instead of using long and heavy an-

chor chains as is customary with most vessels, the fishermen used long hawsers so that their little vessels might ride the more easily on top of the waves and not be forced with each heaving of the sea to lift the great weight of the chain hanging from the bow. Sometimes, at the end of a long gale when the anchors are hauled in, they bring up from the bottom huge tree-stumps or long limbs, or branches of trees, preserved in this comparatively shallow water beneath the surface of the Atlantic for countless centuries. I presume at some prehistoric time these banks were not covered by the ever restless sea, but were fertile, flat lands, well-rooted with great forests which, even now preserved by the waters which cover them, have not entirely rotted and disappeared. While this information was being passed around, I patiently learned to bait the hooks and coil down the trawls, although at this work I became the laughing stock of the crew. I persevered, however, for I believed that I was to become a fisherman in every sense of the word, and, if I were to advance myself, it would be of importance for me to acquire every detail of the fishing business. While thus engaged the captain said to me, "I guess yer ain't baited much, have yer?"



"I have baited lobster traps on many a wintry morning and hauled them for many hours each day," I answered, "but a trawl of this size I have never seen before."

"Well," said he, "if yer can't bait, I spects yer can row and can pull a line and that's enough for yer to know for a while."

This remark somewhat eased my mind as well as my feelings, because several times I had stuck the hooks in my fingers, which was not an altogether pleasant sensation and I feared that the only thing in the world I could ever do passably well was to pull lobster pots. That night I slept with the conviction that it would only be a short while before I could bait a trawl as well as any man on board and the cutting up of the herring was an easy matter for me.

When I turned out in the morning the *Nancy Hanks* had "come to" in the wind, and I assisted in hauling the jibs to windward and guyed off the mainsail to one side while we headed into the sea and made only a slight leeway.

Surely we were now on the Banks — the color of the water was lighter and I imagined that the seas were shorter. Everybody on board was extremely

busy fitting out each dory with trawls and a jug of water and biscuits. Then the crew was divided up. The Swede, named Neilson, and I were to take one dory, poor Tucker and the Dane went in another, and in this manner eight boats were put over the side in a fairly smooth sea. I rowed with Neilsen away from the vessel, being glad of the opportunity to show the captain, who stood at the wheel, that I was able to handle a boat. It gave me a sense of home to be tugging at the oars. When fifty yards or so away the captain yelled out to us, "It looks like it might shut in foggy and if you lose sight of me don't try to find me and get rowing around in circles. I'll pick you up all right, but it might take a little time. Anyhow, if it does shut in, I'll keep the fog-horn goin' and I don't think there'll be much wind so yer ought ter be able to hear us."

Although I have never known what fear meant, these words of the captain were not particularly reassuring, especially as I could see for myself that the day was one of those mean overcast days, besides to the north of us there were fog banks visible. My father used to tell me that a northeast wind blew the fog from Nova Scotia to Maine, and that a southwest wind blew it back again. At that particular mo-

## 34 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

ment Neilsen had just told me that the wind, as he figured, was northeast.

The eight boats rowed away from each other in different directions to set their trawls at long distances apart. When I stopped rowing and Neilsen began to let the trawl go overboard we could see the *Nancy Hanks* not more than a mile or so distant, jogging along, as I have said, making little or no leeway. We were so engaged with our work that we did not pay any attention to the fog-bank which shortly shut in around the vessel, and by the time the trawl was set we had lost sight of all the other dories as well. My Swedish companion pretended to pay no attention to this condition of affairs; nevertheless I looked in every direction with a more or less anxious feeling for I had only too recently heard the crew's stories of the lost dories on the Banks. The trawl was set and the barrels or markers were thrown overboard. Neilsen foolishly advised that we start to row back to the vessel, although we could not hear her fog-horn and the fog was intensely thick.

The long oily rollers became gently ruffled here and there with the wind that was springing up, and the sea was somewhat choppy. We were rowing in

what we thought was the direction of the vessel as shown by a little card compass which Neilsen had brought with him; but I have never believed that he had particularly observed the compass direction before we were shut in. So, after rowing for some twenty minutes and hearing nothing, we decided that inasmuch as the sea had been rolling in from the northeast, our course ought now to be north or thereabouts, so in this direction we turned the dory and started in rowing again.

By my father's watch which I had in my pocket, I took the precaution to keep track of our time, and soon noticed that we had rowed in this northerly direction some twenty minutes, at the end of which we decided to halloo to see if perchance we might get an answer. Immediately the reassuring sound of the fog-horn came faintly to our ears but it seemed a long way off and to windward of us which was just the opposite direction from which we had been going. Being somewhat tired Neilsen changed seats with me and took the oars in my place. All the while the dory behaved beautifully in the ever-increasing seas, although pulling to windward in the freshening breeze was no easy matter and required all Neilsen's strength. Consulting my watch again

## 36 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

I found that Neilsen had rowed a half hour's time and wondered why we had not come within sound of the fog-horn, for we had listened several times. Inasmuch as we figured the *Nancy Hanks* was to windward of us, we ought by this time to hear the horn distinctly. We heard nothing. Neilsen asked me to pour him out a cup of water from the jug and this I did, besides taking a refreshing drink myself. The seas constantly increased in size, with the steady increase of the wind which blew the fog thick enough around us as sailors say "to cut in junks with a knife." In fact we could not see more than thirty or forty feet in any direction. It became evident to us with the increasing noise of the breaking seas, that it would be impossible to hear any sound unless it was pretty nearly to windward of us and at that not too far off.

It was nearly night. The ever darkening fog clouds completely enveloped us. The darkness fell and we were soaked through with spray and the increasing dampness.

Our eyes pierced out into the blackness to see, perchance, a light and our ears strained constantly for the slightest sound. The night wore on. At last we gave up the oars. "Well," said Nielsen, "with

a northerly wind we're making out to sea and, by God, if we ain't picked up, we'll never fetch up nowhere."

I was too used to the sea to be particularly alarmed and, in fact, was more or less amused at the adventure which I knew we were now in. The night passed away and during the long hours I wish to record that again I wanted to be back in my comfortable berth on the *Mary Willie*, tied to the great dock in the city, which, I began to realize now, I might never see again. Strangely enough every detail of the theatrical performance rehearsed itself in my mind and here and there in the darkness of the night I saw the lovely heroine adored and threatened by the lawyer who was the villain in the plot. Before me there passed the youth convicted of the murder of which he was entirely innocent. I presume it was the fact that this was the first play I had ever seen which made it so realistic to me and impressed itself so vividly on my plastic mind. At any rate there was something about the whole thing which created within me a morbid fascination for which to this day I have never been able to account. As time goes on we shall see how this impression made upon me fitted in so miraculously with events which later

## 38 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

actually occurred. In the morning the wind subsided; the fog cleared away with a sharp and colder wind. Chilled and wet, in the welcome sun we each ate a couple of biscuits and took another drink of water, and, as there was nothing else for us to do, it seemed wise that we should sleep in turns in the bottom of the dory. So with two short pieces of line, both of us being exceedingly tired and sleepy, we drew lots to see who should take the first four hours' sleep. It was then and there agreed, that we would take turns "four hours on" and "four hours off," in order that one man might always be giving his best efforts to keep the dory head into the seas, and likewise be on constant lookout for the hoped-for approach of some ship on the high sea that might be making her course within signalling distance. For fear that the one on watch might not see any approaching vessel, we lashed one of the extra oars upright to the forward thwart tying to it a piece of old canvas which by good fortune chanced to be in the bottom of the dory.

For two days and two nights we kept up our constant watch. We consumed all our biscuits and there remained in the jug not more than a quart or so of water. It was noon of the third day. Neilsen

had just stretched himself out in the bottom of the boat. It was my watch. Suddenly the wind shifted from the southwest, which I knew meant that we would be dragged out into the middle of the north Atlantic. It was only the beginning of a heavy "smoky southwester" and our little dory climbed over the tops of the enormous breaking seas time and time again. In fact when we were in the valley of these mountainous waves it seemed as though each approaching crest would entirely engulf us. The dory had a good freeboard, but the combing waves when on their crest time and time again threw buckets of spray upon us. We were drenched to the skin and Neilsen was obliged, although exhausted, to take another pair of oars. In this fashion we exerted our combined strength with each wave to keep our head into the sea, both of us realizing that such a condition of affairs could not endure for many hours. It was almost impossible to get a moment's chance for either one of us to bail out the dory, and, besides, we were now both nearly physically exhausted. It was hopeless for us much longer to continue in this way. We lashed three of the oars together in the shape of a triangle and tied this floating anchor to the painter in the bow of the boat. This acted as a drag upon



the bow as we drifted to leeward. We were able to meet each wave while thus receding from it, and it was of tremendous assistance in keeping us up into the wind. Through the fourth and fifth nights by this means we were able to keep alive and it gave us a much better opportunity to bail, for now it required only one man at the oars. Nevertheless we were indeed in a most sorry plight. Our water had now entirely given out and we were faced with a death from hunger and thirst. The nights were cold and we had no opportunity to dry our clothing with the never ending spray which kept us drenched. It was apparent to both of us, although we did not say a word, that our end was approaching unless in a few days' time we might be fortunate enough to be picked up. Such terrible pangs of hunger and thirst I will not attempt to describe. We both were stricken with chills which made our jaws shake in our hollow cheeks and more often we burned up with a raging fever causing an anguish known only to those who have passed through a similar experience. It made little difference to us that the sea became calm and glassy. In the middle of the day the sun's rays beat down upon our huddled forms in the bottom of the dory. Once or twice I looked at poor Neilsen and

realized that his end was near. His sunken, hollow eyes glared at me as he lay on his back, not even asking for water which the poor soul knew only too well had long since been entirely consumed. Several times I took the little tin cup in my hand, bent on dipping up some of the cool crystal sea water so near us. Each time Neilsen was seized with a paroxysm of oaths cursing me and forbidding me even so much as to taste it. Time and time again I feared that he would go mad and in his frequent delirium I was obliged to push him back upon his shoulders when he raved about jumping into the sea and end it all. So weak were we that the thought of being picked up was entirely forgotten and we had entirely lost sight of the fact lying there together, that the piece of canvas still remained tied to the upright oar above. My tongue became considerably swollen and literally was glued to my cheek. I knew that his was in the same horrible condition because, when he tried to speak, his words were thick and for the most part unintelligible. Before we had sunk into this dying condition I wondered time and again what had become of poor Tucker and his mate and here I wish to jot down that I learned in after years that he and the Dane were

## 42 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

never heard of more. I sincerely hope that his dory was speedily swamped rather than that he suffered the torments which came upon us, as long as his life was not to be spared.

It was dusk. Rousing myself from a horrible dream wherein I bent over a deep, cool spring in the shaded green of a beautiful hillside reaching ever for the water before me but never being able to dip it up, I imagined I heard a whistle or some strange and mysterious sound. Accordingly, as nearly as I am able to remember, putting my two hands on the gunnel, I managed to lift my head up above the side. Although almost unable to hold up my head and as though in the middle of some strange dream, it seemed that I saw in the dusky light around me a red and a green light. Twice I dug my fists into my dry reddened eyes, trying to wake myself to the belief that the lights before me were real and not imagined. Dipping one hand into the sea in a wild ecstasy I dashed sea water in my face and sucked my wet fingers.

"Neilsen," I cried, "am I mad — look — look — there's a ship near us,— bearing down upon us. For God's sake, man, tell me, take a look and tell me."

The poor fellow tried to answer and struggled twice to raise himself, only to fall back exhausted. Then it was that my youth stood me in good stead. The cold water aroused my senses to the keen realization that I really saw a ship before me. I managed to stand up. With husky voice I cried out and then sank on my knees with my head on the thwart in an attitude of prayer. This was all that I could do! After that I remembered nothing more except in a hazy way seeing them lift Neilsen out of the bottom of the boat and then feeling myself in the arms of some strong men. Then the sound of the oars in the oarlocks and the motion of the boat. Then all was lost to me.

The next thing I remember was the kindly administrations we both received on the ship *Nottingham* bound for Liverpool. I learned then how a man may go for many days and not succumb to the pangs of thirst and hunger, although we both were frightfully emaciated and for several days were not allowed to move. It was fortunate for us it was so shortly after sundown that night, and not too dark for the eyes of those on board to see us. The great ship happened to come head towards us on her course and stopped her propeller not far from us. The

#### 44 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

captain ordered a large boat swung out from the davits. This boat came out and carried us back to kindnesses and comforts. They did not even stop to pick up our little dory, but set it adrift.

If you have never been rescued from a death of thirst and starvation you will never know the joy that comes to the sailor when food and water in small quantities are administered after an experience such as ours. I have seen many brave men in my life's journey, but I wish here to record my thankfulness to Neilsen for his kindness, fortitude and bravery, in this my first approach to death. Never once did he for a moment complain. In the division of the biscuits and water until the time of his delirium he always insisted on giving me the lion's share. A thousand times I have wondered what has become of him and often recalled the words of the captain of the *Mary Willie* when he said, "Salt water makes men."

The *Nottingham* landed us safely at Liverpool and Neilsen said good-by, remarking that he was on his way to Sweden and would never again follow the sea. He was interesting, brave and loveable, and holds a most tender spot in my heart because he, too, like myself, was born on an island off the shores of

the mainland of his native country and spent his early days in a fisherman's cabin, which I imagined might be quite similar to my old home at that time more than three thousand miles away across the great Atlantic.

## CHAPTER III

### THE BLUE SHIP TAVERN

I revived quickly and was quite strong and well when we landed at Liverpool. The passengers on the ship from Halifax took up a purse for us made up from an entertainment given by the entire ship's company. There was an English clergyman who took a most kindly and fatherly interest in me, giving me various articles of clothing which I sorely needed. I described to him my life and home, which seemed to interest him greatly. He asked me the names of New England people settled along our shores. When I mentioned to him names like Elwell, Pendleton, Herrick, Hatch, Dodge and others, it pleased him greatly and he promised to take special pains to find out the names of other original settlers from England who settled along the shores of the coast of Maine in the early days of our history.

When I told him that my name was Ambrose Elwell, he said, "I know many persons in England by

that name and am familiar with the names Pendleton, Drinkwater and Herrick." In fact he told me that near Melrose Abbey there were several monuments erected to persons who bore the names of my English ancestors. In this connection I remember my father, God bless his memory! often told me that his ancestors had sprung from Melrose, and migrated to the shores of Maine among the first settlers. If I remember him correctly, they came over with the first English fishermen who established the first temporary white settlement near the American continent on the island of Monhegan, the island of the great light.

My many conversations with the Englishman and his wife were entirely for my best good. His wife particularly gave me many good advices and urged me to take ship for New York upon landing at Liverpool and make a speedy return to the assistance of my mother.

At that time I firmly resolved to do this, but Fate, which always seemed to lead me, had willed otherwise, for upon the ship's arrival I was left to walk the streets alone without funds, except for the money in my pocket which had been donated to me on ship-board amounting only to some three pounds, insuffi-



## 48 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

cient for my passage home. Fortune had other things in store for me.

There is a fraternity either for good or bad among all sailors the world over. It is safe to say that one sailor has a certain unknown sympathy for another, and this is especially so in England.

At this time I had no grip or sailor's bag to carry, but was burdened only with a small bundle of clothing under my arm. I walked only a short way near the great docks of Liverpool, when I was accosted by an English sailor.

"Hi say, mate," said he, "'Ave you got the price of a glawss of ale about you?"

"Surely," I replied, and pulled a sixpence from my pocket. In a good-natured way he leaned up against the brick wall beside us. "Hit's a bloody thirst I 'ave," he ventured, extending his hand to me, and "hit's I, Bowser, that'll 'ave a drink with you, if you gives me 'arf a chawnce, in the 'Blue Ship' around the corner, and, if it's a night's lodging you wants, it's I that can tell you that the 'Blue Ship's' the place for a Yank the same as you to spend the noight."

"Thank you," I replied, realizing that this friend was probably better than none at all. In a few min-

utes we entered the old-fashioned door leading into the Blue Ship Tavern. The night's lodging seemed most acceptable to me and, although I had never tasted ale, the sound seemed to be refreshing. We entered together and I sat down with my new acquaintance to recite to him my adventures at sea which elicited but little sympathy. Immediately he began to recite a long list of hairbreadth escapes, all of which made my humble adventure reduce itself in my mind to the size of a mere pygmy. The glass of ale limbered his tongue and his recital of his stories led me to Mediterranean ports, to the Indies, and from there to the Cape of Good Hope around the Horn with endless numbers of collisions and shipwrecks which only eight or ten "glawsses of ale" and a British sailor's imagination can produce. Nevertheless the first glass of ale which I took with him greatly assisted me in becoming his pal. There was sawdust on the floor and many tables and benches scattered about. While we were thus engaged, in the back part of the room, I shall never forget it, I saw an old-fashioned English bar behind which my eyes were riveted upon a young girl of striking beauty of about my own years. Her trig little figure and bright blue eyes and rosy cheeks

fascinated me beyond measure. Her light curly hair neatly twisted and braided hung in ringlets around her well-moulded face. It seemed entirely unbecoming to see her in such a place with all these rough men. Perhaps this was one of the reasons why I took special notice of her. I did not know then that in those days a British innkeeper with an orderly house might be a most admirable and God-fearing man. It was quite the custom among people of the middle class to thus be honorably engaged in making their livelihood. Neither could I appreciate that the daughter of the owner of an inn of this kind might be a Christian character with the finest instincts and gentle and loveable disposition. Much to my surprise Hazel Weathersby, for that was the innkeeper's daughter's name, walked as though by intuition to my table, and asked my friend Bowser what he again would have to drink. Curiously enough she seemed to have no desire to take an order from me, but Bowser insisted that we would both have a "glawss of ale." Walking away she returned with the two foaming mugs, but insisted on standing near me watching me closely the while I drank. Something about her caused my face to flush. I turned again to look into her face. Her eyes sank to the

floor. Then turning from me she went back to the other end of the room where with folded hands she again and again looked at me without a smile. Bowser's unquenchable thirst brought her time and time again to our table. As the evening proceeded the room whirled around me. I remember trying to tell her my story while she stood expressionless beside me. Several sailors gathered about our table and treated me to one mug of ale after another. My head soon was swimming and the barmaid looked at me several times with furtive glance, shaking her head as though requesting me to take no more. But I am thankful now that I did not obey her mute instructions. Gradually with flushed face and swimming eyes the sounds around me became fainter and fainter. The laughter and cursing of the sailors, as they kept on talking and drinking, became to my sodden senses an indistinct hub-bub. At length in a stupor my head fell on the table. In this position mentally at sea and sick at my stomach, I fell into a dead and drunken slumber.

Far away across the Atlantic, at that moment perhaps, my saintly mother was offering a prayer or was opening the little door and looking out across the ocean wondering where in that vast expanse I might

then be. It may have been a prayer of hers or a thought for me at that time, which, when the ale-house doors were locked and the drunken sailors with my friend Bowser were sprawling in the streets, made the sweet girl again come to me and rouse me from my drunken slumber. She led me staggering up a winding stairway, helping me to lie down on a well-made clean bed in a neat room. Thus she left me. I awoke in the morning to look out through small panes of glass through an old-fashioned English window upon a Liverpool street. I combed my hair and washed my hands and face. There was a gentle knock on my door and the girl of the night before stood before me in the doorway.

Hazel Weathersby was of good old English stock and earning an honest living by helping her father at the inn. My senses were now quite clear. I remember her just as she stood there then, her rosy English cheeks and bright blue eyes, her Saxon coloring and the lovely hair but above all I remember her sweet, deep, mellow voice.

"Good morning," she said. "I was much interested in your story last night and was a sympathetic listener. I had an uncle who was lost at sea in a similar way off the coast of the Orkney Islands

whence my father came to Liverpool to buy the tavern here which was then for sale. In fact," she went on, "my younger days were spent around the beautiful shores of Scotland, particularly at Inverness. Many times I have heard strange stories and wonderful escapes, but this is the first time I have ever talked to an American sailor. The story of your mother and your brother attracted me. I have come to tell you that my father and mother want you to breakfast with us."

"Thank you," I said. "Surely it is most kind of you thus to offer me your friendship, and it is strange that you all should take such special interest in me." To this remark of mine she smilingly made no reply.

Soon I was at the breakfast table. Her father and mother made me feel mightily at ease while I listened with great interest to his conversation, giving me much knowledge of English ships and captains, with whom he seemed remarkably familiar. In fact he seemed to have acquired an unlimited storehouse of information about cargoes, and great merchants of those days, trading to the ends of the earth. I was sorry that I knew so little about our own clipper ships which had made so many American

## 54 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

captains famous. I was chagrined that I was unable to converse intelligently with him about these matters in my own country. His daughter seeing my embarrassment time and again cleverly turned the subject, dwelling so far as she could upon my own miraculous escape and asking me many questions about my island home. At any rate my youth and simplicity in this instance stood me in good stead and in a short while the little family caused me to feel entirely at ease. In the course of our conversation Hazel told me that the ale-house was to be torn down and a large ship-chandler's building was to be erected upon its site. For this and other reasons she and her father and mother were planning to migrate to <sup>1</sup> one of the British Colonial possessions in a southern sea.

The Weathersbys were most kind to me and I still have the Bible which Hazel's mother gave me

<sup>1</sup> For various reasons which the reader will learn later I cannot divulge the name of this colony or the town to which the Weathersbys in a few months' time came. The reason for this silence on my part can be readily understood, for by such disclosure, even at this late date, I might in some manner cause embarrassment to certain persons who proved to be my most steadfast friends. Neither shall I in the following pages divulge the real names of certain persons who became involved with me.

that morning. Also, I have in my possession an old locket containing a miniature picture given me by Hazel before I left Liverpool.

I was now about eighteen years of age and she was really the first girl who had ever spoken kindly to me or appeared deeply interested in me. As though Fate had pointed out my way, when I left her, I promised I would again seek her out. I carefully made note of the place where they were going, with the devout hope that it would not be many months before I would again be close to her. My attachment for her became a deep-rooted affection; indeed it was my first and only love. No one can account for the sudden and strange admiration which springs up without warning between two human beings of the opposite sex. I realize that usually men and women both have many love affairs before they learn the true penetration of Cupid's dart. Probably my life of isolation away from the opposite sex made me unusually sensitive and impressionable, but, be that as it may, I want here to set down the fact that ours was a sudden love. I am thankful to the Almighty for her unusual devotion and affection.

The sweetness of her face and the gentle sternness of her kindness set me many times thinking, in those



## 56 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

several days at her father's inn. I learned her staunch qualities inherited from her good British father and mother. From her father I learned more in detail of his plans to settle in the colony, to invest his life's savings in the purchasing and shipping of various kinds of merchandise. The ale-house was not altogether a resort for ordinary sailors. It had been maintained for many generations on the same spot and was to a degree well-known. It was a Liverpool landmark where celebrated captains and merchants gathered at times within its hospitable walls. It was indeed a place for the gathering of mariners and men from foreign shores. Captains of famous ships long since gone, and now so rare upon the high sea, frequently came here to reckon their accounts and make exchanges in trade and also contract for provisions and crews.

I gathered from the family's conversation that they had been largely influenced to leave Liverpool by the advice of a young barrister or lawyer, who had established himself within a year in the settlement where Mr. Weathersby was planning to go. I could see that this fact displeased Hazel and I learned that of her many admirers this man was most persistent, and most unwelcome. The last night

I saw her in Liverpool she informed me that she had no desire to go with her father and mother, fearing in her new abode the influence which he had upon her. She emphatically told me of her dislike for his persistent advances made to her at every opportunity. Her urging me to join them sometime in the future, therefore, had behind it more than a usual request and meant more to us both than we then realized!

Hazel complained to me of his ardent letters which filled me with a disgust and jealousy that I had hard work to conceal. It was a psychological time for the tenderness of womanhood to make a lasting appeal and impression upon me. Her great round liquid eyes and melodious voice could not be driven from my thoughts. Even to-day, as my fancy recalls the memories of the past, my eyes moisten when I think of the goodness of the father and mother and the charm of the beloved daughter of the "Blue Ship Tavern."

The colony to which they were going seemed to me like a strange far-away land. I was greatly interested in the wonderful tales and the prospects for making money, the beauties of the climate and its many possibilities described to me by Hazel's father.

It is not strange that, at such a time, even after an acquaintance of such short duration, I looked upon her with a world of affection, and had I not been of a reticent and bashful nature I should not have parted from her with only a simple handshake and a long and steadfast gaze into those beautiful eyes, repeating my promise that sometime, if God should spare my life, I would come to her again.

Had I known then the great affection which she bore me, I would not have left her. Neither did I observe when she turned away that she burst into tears and went upstairs to throw herself on the bed fearing lest I might never see her again. I learned all this from her own lips in the sweetest moment of my life.

It is strange how the hand of Fate led me from an obscure spot on the surface of the earth, across stormy wastes, through great dangers, to an unknown magnet—to her affection shown me in deepest love and constancy.

After I left her at Liverpool, it worried me not a little to think of the difficulties and embarrassment caused her by the persistent young attorney whom now I began to recognize as a dangerous rival. "At any rate," I soliloquized, "I will not be able to see

her for several years and during that time many things may transpire which will, I fear, eliminate me from her sweet life altogether."

Of course I had no right to look upon her as my own, for neither of us had spoken a direct word of love. However, I felt sure that she cared for me much more than the attorney who was now so far away from her in the settlement to which she soon must go. One day I ran across my erstwhile friend Bowser, and he informed me that it was understood by her father and mother and it was also current gossip at the Blue Ship Tavern that Hazel and the egotistical lawyer were betrothed.

"'E's a regular fop and a nuisance," said Bowser, "and before 'e left England hit's many times 'e spent 'is nights after courtin' 'er, carousing and stewing in the dives about the town."

"Yes," I replied, "and it's good riddance to him that he's gone so far away."

"Aye," he answered, "but 'e's a wise unscrupulous man and 'as convinced 'er father that 'e'll make his fortune easy where they're goin'."

Several times I resolved to speak to her, but I made up my mind that I would not further bother her in her distress. She was indeed a tender young

woman highly strung and my love-making might completely upset her. I felt that I had been long enough a burden upon her family and was decidedly restless and anxious to make my way in the world, more than ever now, on account of my feelings towards her.

So from the Blue Ship Tavern with my bundle under my arm I set out with mind made up that I would travel eastward by some ship to China and from there across the Pacific to the United States, to return overland to my family. Accordingly I wrote a long letter to my mother outlining my plans. This letter contained heartfelt expressions of love to her and to my brother with the hope that I might soon be able to send her a substantial sum for their support.

In one of the great docks at Liverpool lay the clipper ship *Sea Fox* preparing for sea. Her bottom was being scraped and caulked. I watched with interest the small army of workers beneath her huge sides. Never had I seen such facilities for handling big ships. I knew nothing of the manner in which they were prepared for their long voyages.

The yard-arms of the *Sea Fox* stood high above me and the lines of her rigging were clearly silhou-

etted in the sky. Admiringly I walked around her bow and stood underneath her stern, feeling a sense of awe at the great hull, realizing her great strength and capacity for carrying burdens.

I remembered how large the vessels lying in Portland Harbor appeared to me. How the masts of the *Nancy Hanks* looked that moonlight night, but these masts and yards of this wonderful production of the shipbuilders' art really held me spellbound.

I resolved, if it were possible, to take ship upon her, and returned to the Blue Ship Tavern to ask Mr. Weathersby if he might by chance be acquainted with her captain or owners. Subconsciously I sought this information again to obtain a glimpse of Hazel, but unfortunately she had left that day for a few days' visit to her aunt in the country near Chester. However, the next day Mr. Weathersby introduced me to the captain of the *Sea Fox*, who, by a streak of good luck, happened to drop into the tavern while I was there. Captain Hawtry, for such was his name, was a great red-faced, square-jawed Britisher and paid little or no attention to me, listening more to Hazel's father than to my own request. Finally, he gruntingly assented to give me a sailor's berth before the mast,

although I wanted to serve as mess-boy in the after-cabin. He informed me that this position had already been secured, so for fear that I might spoil my chances altogether I accepted the berth which he offered me.

The next day I went on board while the ship was still in the dry-dock and established myself with the crew, composed of a rough lot of men of various nationalities. I was ordered by the mate to set to work with the others to prepare the ship for her long voyage and help in the stowage of the cargo in her great hold.

It was now nearly the middle of October and I had at least a week before me ere we were to set sail. Several times I called upon Mr. Weathersby with the innermost hope that Hazel had returned. Each time I was disappointed. She had, however, written her mother a sweet letter which the good lady read to me. Frequently she mentioned me in rather endearing language. This pleased me greatly. One part of the letter read as follows:

I presume by this time that Ambrose has left Liverpool and is now at sea. I have never met a finer type of man and I am praying that while he was in Liverpool you and father continued your kindness to him. I live with the hope that I may surely see

him again at no distant time, for I feel that our short acquaintance with him will develop into a life-long affection which I trust will be pleasing to you, dear mother and father, as it will be to me. Should you see him before his departure, please give him the little miniature picture of myself which I once gave you. I will provide you, dear mother, with another if you will do this for me.

Clasping my hand her mother gave me the little miniature locket in a small leather case. I noticed that she used her handkerchief wiping the moisture in her eyes when she said to me, "There, Ambrose, you are indeed most fortunate to receive this token of her affection for you, and I trust you will keep it until you are permitted to see her again."

Could I then have clasped Hazel in my arms I should have taken her back to the Maine coast and the perils and adventures of my life would have then been at an end.



## CHAPTER IV

### I START FOR HOME

The *Sea Fox* was warped into the channel and was towed out into the sea. Her great yard-arms were swung to catch the breeze while the sailors sang many English shanties, pulling at the halliards and hawsers.

We were bound around the Cape of Good Hope. For nearly a month the monotony of the voyage sickened me of the sea, until we got into the trade winds which Captain Hawtry called the "Trades." Nothing could be more beautiful than our sailing day after day and night after night, hardly moving the yards a single inch in the steady breeze which gave us always ten or twelve knots. All is not idleness on a great ship even when thus sailing in the trades. Our work was constant and irksome. It was hard for me to keep from being homesick, but my homesickness was of a new kind. My mind reverted for the most part to the sweet girl at the Blue Ship Tavern. I repeated time and time and again

the words in the letter from Hazel to her mother and they were indeed a solace and a comfort to me in my lonesome hours. Each day took me farther away from the object of my affection, which increased with each day's run.

We had been at sea twenty-four days when one of the crew complained of illness. In a few days the poor fellow had expired. He was just a poor chap, a scrap of a Dane who spoke little or no English. It was not an unusual occurrence on shipboard to lose by death one member of such a large crew, but the symptoms of his disease disturbed Captain Hawtry greatly and, when I was taking my trick at the wheel, I heard him say something about "scurvy."

The Dane's body was consigned to the deep — my first view of a burial at sea. I noticed that the captain used an Episcopal prayerbook from which he read the burial for the dead. In spite of his blustering manner I observed that he had a big English heart which softened much at the time of the service. When he spoke the last words and the canvas-wrapped and weighted body was slipped over the side, his voice quivered and he gently laid his hands on my shoulder and turned his face away to windward. The whole crew stood around, a motley

crowd with heads bared, in due reverence. Some of them were more or less visibly affected, although to these hardened men an occasion of this kind was not entirely unusual.

Much to my surprise a few days later Potter, the first mate, was taken ill with similar symptoms and shortly he, too, succumbed. Then it was that the news crept out that the ship was infected with scurvy, and I found that we were at that time not more than a week's sailing from the colony to which the Weathersbys were planning to go. The captain, after long consultation with the second mate, and examinations of his charts, decided that rather than run the risk of further sickness, it would be safer and better for him to put in to the colony harbor which was not unknown to him, and there embrace the opportunity to check the progress of the disease, disinfect the ship and obtain medical assistance which we sorely needed.

Of all things on shipboard scurvy is the most dreaded. Within two days' time several more members of our crew became affected, so that, in truth, we were becoming shorthanded. With the changing of the ship's course, although I had great fear of being stricken with the terrible disease, my heart

leaped for joy when I realized that we were bound for the colony. I decided that upon our arrival I would desert the ship for I had no heart now to stay with her, knowing that sooner or later in the course of at least a few months, if I stayed at the colony, I would see Hazel upon her arrival there.

I did not realize then as I do now that thus to desert the ship and take "French leave" would put me in the class of a deserter and make me a criminal in the eyes of the English law. As has been related, I shipped and signed papers as one of the crew from Liverpool to Hong Kong. In those days British law governing the action of sailors was most severe and stringent. Nevertheless I had made up my mind that I would leave the ship as soon as we anchored. We reached the harbor about sunset. Back of the little white village at the foot of the rolling hills, on a hill overlooking the harbor, with the sun setting on the white buildings, I saw a long low building with a belfry tower. This proved later to be a British Mission managed by an estimable clergyman and his wife, named Worthington. In a little valley not more than a quarter of a mile away between the foothills and the Mission, stood the Colonial Prison surrounded by a square

high-walled enclosure. On the left, rising abruptly at the water's edge near a little beach, there rose a series of high cliffs shining pink in the sunshine. The tropical foliage embellished the whole picture in a deep green setting, making the town appear like a miniature village of tranquillity and delight. I did my share in furling up the sails on the heavy yards and watched the evening shadows from my high position above the deck, obtaining an excellent view of the whole territory thereabouts. The colony, except for fields and cultivated lands which I could see in the distance, was surrounded by an endless tropical forest or jungle, extending inward to the high mountain peaks radiant in the glow of the dying day, and running both north and south along the shore as far as the eyes could reach. I could see the white warehouses and docks along the waterfront. Here and there a few fishing boats and skiffs were lazily making their wake on the glassy surface of the waters. It was a most restful scene to me after my long voyage, and for a while, entranced, I sat on the swinging yard high in the air feeling, I suppose, like one of the gulls that hovered about the ship, dipping now and then to pick up the refuse thrown over from the steward's galley.

It was, a soft, delicious evening and the land-breezes which met my nostrils bore me the perfume of the woods and fruits which grew ashore in abundance. It is strange how pictures of this kind photograph themselves so perfectly in the human mind. I have seen many lands and harbors, but none more peaceful and restful than this.

While I was taking in this beautiful picture Hazel Weathersby was on her way to visit her aunt in the country near Chester, England. From her railway carriage she was admiring the fluted towers of old cathedrals and battlements of an old Norman castle and the massive bridge and the old walled city established by the Romans themselves. Her aunt occupied a little farm a few miles from Chester surrounded by quaint hedges and English verdure. Old stone walls lined the roadway. I have an old picture of the house before me. It is not dissimilar to the cottage of Anne Hathaway with its thatched roof. The little windows in the old doorway with the smoke curling from the chimneys, with the green fields in back and flowers blooming along the roadside added to the ivy, which covered the stone-built massive walls made her aunt's home most picturesque. Surely she was located as was I at

that moment, in a scene of rural beauty and had apparently every reason to be in happiest mood. Her aunt, a good English widow, with two sons in the British Navy, met Hazel when she alighted from the railway carriage and greeted her with hugs and kisses such as only a vigorous English woman may give. Soon they were driving through the quaint city and out through the English fields. Here and there arose the shattered trunks and arms of great spreading English oaks. On either side, with rose-covered cottages, there were avenues well-kept, making an environment which seemed perhaps too much fixed, with its atmosphere of comfort and plenty found only on English soil.

Surely such charm and beauty ought to have made Hazel happy, but she showed no particular enthusiasm for the things surrounding her which formerly were her greatest pleasures. Her kindly aunt noticed this and insisted that she retire early after her journey from Liverpool.

"My dear, you are tired," she remarked, "and the rest in the country is just what you are needing, before you take your overseas voyage."

Hazel gently shook her head. "No, Aunt Betty,

I am tired of the world's affairs, and dread our leaving."

"Why?"

"Because I hate to leave old England and my friends to take up new conditions and begin my life over again. There are some friends you know, Aunt Betty, that I leave with great sadness, particularly you, dear Aunt, and it is hard for me to realize that for a long time I may not see you and them again." And turning her face from her aunt she continued, "I know the world is very large, but affections are very dear to me. Could I but bring all my friends to the new country to which I am going I would leave with utmost cheerfulness, but I have an inborn dread to meet any of my enemies."

"My dear child," said Aunt Betty, "I did not know you had an enemy in the world!"

"Perhaps not," replied Hazel, gazing wistfully out of the window on the green fields with a far-off look in her eyes. And so their conversation ended.

That night in Hazel's little room under the eaves, seated before an old secretary with the writing-lid let down, she wrote a letter to me which she carefully addressed to my mother's care at the island. This



letter I received many months after. It was as follows:

Chester, England,  
Meadow Brook Farm,  
November —,

Dear Ambrose:

I trust that the *Sea Fox* is blessed with fair winds and fair weather, and may God give you and all on board perfect health and guide them with His infinite kindness and wisdom. Wherever you may now be my prayers are with you. I am counting the days when our ship may sail away in the hopes that on my arrival I may have some word from you, for I am praying that God permits us to meet again. I am glad to be in Chester away from Liverpool if only for a few days and hope that my visit here which I usually so much enjoy will not be saddened by my separation from you.

HAZEL.

While she was writing this Dr. Grayden, the port health commissioner and physician from the colonial prison came alongside and climbed up over the gang-plank. It was a beautiful night and realizing that our new visitor was about to make a complete inspection of the ship, with Hazel's locket and my father's watch in my pocket, I walked quietly to the bow and, climbing down underneath the stays, I slipped into the placid water with as little commotion

and noise as possible. I saw the high cliffs appearing to me not far away in the beautiful moonlight and with strong stroke I headed for the shore.

It was a long swim but thanks to my great strength and youth I made the distance handily and landed not far from the town near the cliffs on a small beach. To regain my wind, for a few moments I lay on the shore in my wet clothes, looking at the lights of the town before me and the lights of the ship and other lights in the harbor. I had a fine feeling of freedom, finding myself thus rid of the disease-stricken vessel and enjoyed the novelty of my surroundings. Immediately I decided to dry my clothes so far as possible, and go into the town in the early morning to find a place of abode and seek honorable employment.

Besides this I was glad to lay myself upon the sandy beach for I had somewhat misjudged my distance to the shore. I rested a little while, laid my coat out on a bush to dry and wandered up the beach to keep myself from chills which threatened me. In this manner I spent the night and by the time the sun rose out of the water in the east, although my clothes were only partially dry, I climbed the cliff back of me to find some place hidden from

the wind which had recently sprung up. It was not an easy task for me to climb the cliff which now hung so high before me, but I worked my way cautiously along the edge of the overhanging ledges while the sun came up warm, shining with full force across the bay from far out upon the horizon. In an hour's time I was fast asleep on a projecting ledge protected on either side by great rocks bathed in the ever increasing warmth of the morning sun.

Unceremoniously I disturbed countless gulls and cormorants which had taken possession of the great red cliffs rising sheer out of the blue transparent sea below me. The very thoughts of being on land again gave me much peace and comfort of mind. I dreamt of a million things which danced before my tired brain.

Instead of carrying out my plan to go into the town early in the morning, I slept until about four o'clock that afternoon. Now I was much refreshed and my clothing was quite dry. I had only a few shillings in my pocket. What few clothes I had as well as some little trinkets including the Bible which Hazel's mother had given me, I left in my hasty departure from the ship now lying peacefully out in the bay. As I have said, I brought

nothing with me except my father's watch which was an excellent timepiece of an old and substantial make and the miniature picture or locket which Hazel's mother had given to me.

My father had many times told me that the watch was made by some firm, especially for sailors' use and was impervious to water and rust. He never said a truer word. The good watch kept time after being on my person soaked in salt water for nearly an hour.

I shuddered at the thought of the scurvy. Far out to sea I scanned the horizon, thinking that by some good fortune I might be able to see a ship approaching the harbor. I hoped always that the Weathersbys might now be on their way to the town near which I rested. Lonesome, forlorn and hungry I hoped that by some miracle I might see a vessel entering the harbor with sails set, bearing to me the owner of the Blue Ship Tavern with his wife and beloved daughter.

I realized only lightly that I was now a deserter and might be arrested and imprisoned for so unceremoniously taking my leave.

I decided upon a course which was later to be a great misfortune to me, and resolved to take an-

## 76 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

other name. Slowly I worked my way down the face of the cliff and walked inland. I found a small path or roadway which led towards the town and resolved to engage a room in which I might temporarily live and find employment. For the time being at least I decided to use the name "Amos Pendleton," the name of my grandfather on my mother's side. This was a name most easy at all times for me to have on my tongue's end.

It was now near dusk. I approached the quaint little village with its low white houses and narrow streets. Little children ran here and there and the inhabitants seemed to be enjoying the end of their day's labors. I smelled the cooking of the evening's meals and this only increased my hunger. It was a strange little village, even the vegetation, trees, and grasses afforded me no little interest. Keeping towards the waterfront and trying always to follow the little streets which led towards the sea, I finally came upon some long low warehouses near the wharves. Natives and white men of various shades of color, jabbered and laughed and stored all kinds of merchandise for shipment. I saw great bales of wool, hemp, jute, hides and many other products of the country.

Casually I asked a white man, whom I am sure was a Britisher, where I might find a sailor's food and lodging. With a wave of his hand he directed me, with a grin, to a tiny inn over the door of which there hung a large sign with the picture of a red swan upon it.

The tavern was not more than a hundred yards or so up the dirty street beyond the spot where we were standing.

Why in the name of Heaven the harmless swan should be the name-sake of this Hell on earth has to this day been a puzzle to me. Neither have I ever heard of a Red Swan before or since.

Glad to find any sort of a place to rest I entered the door and walked to the swarthy clerk or proprietor, informing him I desired meals and lodging. He pushed forward a well-thumbed and dirty-paged book, in which I wrote the name of Amos Pendleton, York Isle, America. The proprietor, for such he proved to be, demanded payment in advance, insisting it was his custom with sailors. It was impossible for me to comply with this demand. At length after considerable argument he accepted my old silver watch as security. It was like parting with an old friend to give him my father's

watch which was the only thing with me except a few shillings and the picture and locket from Hazel.

Sick at heart I walked up the dark flight of stairs to my room and flung myself on the bed for I was fagged and weary. The house was low of only two stories and my room had only one window in the rear opening upon a filthy, smelly courtyard. Here I rested for a short time and then went downstairs to the bar to obtain some bread and tea and stewed prunes for supper.

There is no worse ailment than lonesomeness and even the sight of drunken men and women cheered me. I sat alone in the corner of the dingy old room until a slender, ragged old man came and sat at my table with me. He reached in front of me to get a light for his pipe and filled it most carefully while he picked up each piece of tobacco that happened to drop on the sticky table. It took no wisdom on my part to see that my strange companion was an old Jew. His beaked nose, long, protruding rotten teeth, and weak lips are as clear in my mind now as they were the first moment he opened his mouth to speak to me.

With drawling whine and inimitable gesticulations of his long filthy hands, he began to talk to

me. Now and then he drew his dirty fingers through his long gray hair and uncut beard. In spite of his repulsive appearance and ugly features he was most talkative and good-natured. This gave me a feeling of friendship. "Vell, my lad," said he, "stranger here, vill you trink a glass of Scotch or rum toddy mit me?"

"No," I replied, thanking him for his thoughtfulness, "I never drink."

"Aha, good boy, your mutter she teach you dis, eh? You come from far off place? Sometime maybe you get back home again, yes? Good place here make money. I make some myself. Sometime I go back to London."

Then he took another long drink of Bourbon which the proprietor of the inn himself brought to him. I noticed the proprietor eyed him with a most peculiar glint in his eyes. I imagined he was endeavoring to overhear our conversation. The Jew continued, "Vell, boy, keep your money with you, like me. I get nothing but sovereigns for the belt," and he tapped his slender body near the waist.

"How long have you been in this country?" I ventured.

He answered, with a laugh, "Aha — ha — how



## 80 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

long? Long enough for me to go away. Aha — how long — long enough to make some money to take back mit me."

Again he tapped his waist, convincing me that he carried his hard-earned gold in some fashion on his body. "Come boy," he continued, "come have leetle someting mit me. Dey say dot Jewish people stingy, eh? You try leetle glass someting — make good fun — some gals here — you dance, eh?" At this he took another gulp of his liquor. The proprietor drew still closer to us.

In the corner of the ale-room was an old piano at which a girl or woman was seated playing for the couples now increasing in numbers. The room was dimly lighted and the atmosphere stuffy as the evening wore on. The old Jew told me much of his history in ever increasingly loud voice. Every now and then the proprietor would go away, always to come back to stand a little nearer to us. I became absolutely convinced that he had designs upon the Jew and was making a mental note of every word he said.

"How long have you been in this part of the world?" I ventured again, for I was somewhat interested to obtain information from the loose

tongued Jew. But instead of answering my question he only urged me to take a drink and I fear that I somewhat offended him when I again declined. Turning he saw the eavesdropping proprietor who feigned an indifference to us. The sharp witted Jew bawled out to him, "Hey, you der, Zatick, vot you vant hanging round so — much — all time? Vy you follow me like damn dog and listen what me here tells my nice friend?"

Zatick walked off and the poor old Jew leaning his head across the table with his hand to his face in hoarse voice confided in me:

"Zatick — he bad man — damn bad man — He got voman here — old Moll — she and he been every place. I know them. Bad people. Zatick he tells me dat some fine time he get out of here for much debt. He not pay for some money he get at der bank and some day he do someting ver' bad. That's why I keep my gold in my belt here, and leave nothing for him to find. You see I take all my money from der bank myself because I go in back country to-morrow to buy one more shipment hides. Then I go back to London because I have mortgage money come due to me. I work hard — yes, but jus' same sometime I like leetle fun. Then Zatick

## 82 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

he always hang round, sometime he looks by me mid bad look. I vonder vot he vant, anyhow. Come, boy, jus' have leetle drink with old Jewish man — yes?"

I was indeed sorry to have to decline this last offer, for the old Jew was truly unbosoming his soul to me, but he was now too much intoxicated to take the slightest offence at my refusal and this fact somewhat relieved my mind. In order not to stay longer with him I said, "Well, I think I will now be going to my room," and attempted to bid him good night.

"Vot room you got? — My room number eleven," he said.

"Is that so?" I replied. "Well, my room is number ten."

Whereupon when I started to rise he grabbed my arm and I assisted him up the winding stairway somewhat to my own discomfort. Then I put him in his room and bidding him good-night I entered my room right next to his.

So I prepared myself for sleep. The noises below out in the street and in the alleyway back of my room, combined with the foul odors which filled it, decided me upon putting on my clothes and

going out into the town in the delightful evening air. I quietly dressed, opened my door and was soon out in the street leaving the sleeping Jew to his own devices. The evening air was refreshing — the tropical stars were brilliant in the heaven's blue. Here and there lights in the little houses were still burning. Occasionally I met a late wayfarer while I wandered up one street and down another, not caring particularly where my footsteps led me. In fact I would have gone back to the great warehouse and tucked myself in some corner, for the night was warm, but I feared that I might be looked upon as a stranger or a thief and therefore kept on walking.

It was somewhere between two or three o'clock when I returned to the now silent inn. I lighted my candle and sat upon the edge of the bed for a moment before undressing, resolved that with the morning I surely would seek other quarters. I heard no sound in the room adjoining me and concluded that the old Jew was sleeping quietly, dreaming of his return to England with the gold sovereigns and the mortgage securely fastened about his waist.

That same night at about the same hour Hazel was gazing out of the little window of her attic

room in the Blue Ship Tavern. It was a bright night and the moon hung over the city and the waters in the mists above. Roofs and spires were ghostlike. Little did she dream that far away in her new country I was soon to sit in a convict's cell awaiting the death sentence to be inflicted upon me. She turned her face staring at the candle in her room by the aid of which she, too, was preparing herself for sleep. Her bright eyes glistened in the flickering light. Shadows danced on the old walls of the Blue Ship Tavern.

Her surroundings, like mine, were quiet indeed. The city slept. Now and then the whining of a dog or the heavy steps of some loiterer below broke the stillness.

I am a believer in the transmission of thought or mental telepathy. In the days to pass I had excellent proof of the phenomena that one person may have glimpses of the thoughts or actions of another even if oceans separate them.

She had been unable to stay at her aunt's house and returned to Liverpool the next day, and on this very night I was taken from my bed and dragged through the streets accused of slaying a fellow human being in cold blood while he slept un-

protected. Tears streamed down her flushed cheeks while she crept down the stairway to her mother's room in an extraordinary condition of terror. She said, "Mother, while standing at my open window looking at the mists beyond the harbor I saw a phantom ship arise before my eyes! Everything was still. With its riding light the ship lay at anchor in the waters of the moonlit harbor. Then I saw a man quietly climb down under the bow; like a phantom he slipped into the cold waters beneath. I saw him with dripping clothes standing on a sandy beach after a long swim. Oh, mother, it was Ambrose Elwell. In a few moments beyond the city I saw the outline of a sailors' tavern beneath the hanging sign of a Red Swan, ghost-like in its shadows. I heard a man groan — whose voice it was I do not know — and then all was still."

Such a remarkable vision or mental impression contained so much terrible truth and stern reality that I have no fear of contradiction in relating it here for the most careful consideration of my readers.

Her dear mother had difficulty in quieting her fears and took her in her arms to calm her. Then she led her back to her tiny bedroom in the attic

## 86 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

and closed the window. With the candle still flickering she finally fell dreaming in a restless slumber with visions that I was in some fearful danger, alone in a strange country. Several times in her sleep she gently muttered my name and held her beautiful arms outstretched as if to aid me.

## CHAPTER V

### I LEAVE THE RED SWAN

There was a rude knock upon my door that night at the Red Swan, and before I could leave the bed two officers burst in upon me, grabbed me by the shoulders, and pinned me up against the wall.

"What is your name?" asked one, in great excitement. "How did you get here?" said the other, with loud voice.

I was completely dazed, but managed to reply that my name was Amos Pendleton and then held my tongue for the moment.

"Did you eat supper with the old Jew?" asked my first inquisitor.

"Yes," I answered.

"And did you come upstairs with him?" asked the other.

Again I answered in the affirmative, whereupon one of them said, "Young man, we have a complete description of a deserter from the *Sea Fox* and you tally with him in every detail. Your name is not



## 88 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

Amos Pendleton, but Ambrose Elwell. Furthermore, Zatick, the proprietor here, tells us that you led the Jew away from the ale-room up to his room, and were the last person seen with him."

"Yes," I said, "and I took considerable pains to see that he reached his room in safety, for the man was not entirely himself and he insisted upon following me to my room."

"Well, what's your name?" they continued. "Is it Pendleton or Elwell? Did you leave the ship or didn't you?"

To these questions I confessed that on account of the scurvy on board I had slipped overboard and swam ashore. Then, of course, my two visitors immediately branded me as a deserter and a liar, both of which I was.

I thought that I was to be taken to the jail and would the next day be tried for desertion, which somehow or other did not disturb me greatly. Without further questions they dragged me from my room and to my surprise opened the door to the room belonging to the Jew. There he lay upon the bed, dead! Pools of blood covered the bedding, the mattress was soaked with great dark red stains. With eyes wide-open and jaw hanging down and

throat cut, I was forced to gaze upon his half-nude body. The ghastly old man lay on the edge of the bed with glassy eyes glued to the ceiling. I could say nothing for the moment. They dragged me back roughly to my own room and then plied me with a series of questions too numerous for enumeration. After a while my speech came back to me when they accused me of this ghastly crime.

I insisted that I had never seen the Jew but once and that I had no enmity towards him and no reason for participating in a ghastly deed of this kind.

Pitifully I told my questioners of my faraway home and every step of my experiences and confessed to them the real reason for my desertion from the ship and my change of name.

They examined carefully every part of the room, while I begged and pleaded with them in my distress. Suddenly my eyes looked down upon the floor and to my utter horror I saw a dark stain of blood. Involuntarily I shrank away, but my movement was too keenly observed for in a second they again leaped upon me and held me with a grip of iron. At the same instant they discovered under my bed a strange bundle of dirty clothing which they speedily opened!

To my amazement and terrible horror I could see that the inside of the bundle was wet and red with new blood, and contained a large reddened dirk of a most original, peculiar and unusual design, having on each side of the bone handle a carved Greek Cross.

By this time the proprietor appeared. The horrible condition of affairs did not apparently disturb or surprise him. He stood in the doorway looking at me with those queer eyes and a lurking smile of satisfaction. Then I was dragged down the stairs and out into the street and led in the early hours of the morning to a loathsome cell in the colonial jail into which I was thrown and left alone with my emotions.

In this predicament a feeling of utter despair and helplessness took complete possession of me. My thoughts were of such a nature that it is impossible for me to describe them at all adequately.

My mind wandered from the time I was born up to that moment. I thought of my mother, my adventures at sea, and a thousand other things. Wandering from one episode to another I covered a multitude of things in such rapid sequence that I was nearly crazed. Every now and then I was seized

with an indescribable horror. Before my eyes there appeared the ghastly face of the murdered Jew.

Surely I suffered untold mental distress and was in most frightful anguish. It dawned upon me that I was held for further examination to be accused of murder. Minutes seemed like hours, until at last kneeling on the stone floor of my cell I sought relief from my agony in prayer and supplication to my Creator. How long I knelt with my head in my hands I do not know. When I stood up a bright ray of sunshine crept in through the small barred opening at the top of my cell. This gleam of light to me then was like an Angel of Mercy and had a soothing effect upon me. I believe to this day the ray of sunshine streamed in at that moment an answer from Heaven to my supplications. At any rate it assisted me in no small measure to gather my senses together and produced within me a calmness and peace of mind which greatly relieved my horror.

I heard voices and footsteps in the prison corridor. Soon an attendant bade me good morning and put in through my bars a can of hot coffee, bread, and oatmeal and milk, enough for an humble meal. The nourishment thus received strengthened

me but caused me to be drowsy. I was tired and stretched myself out on the prison cot and sank into slumber, only soon to be awakened and led to the jailer's office. Here I was again examined by my inquisitors of the night before. Every word I uttered was recorded with pen and paper by a clerk. Carefully and unhesitatingly I described everything in my life as calmly and exactly as was in my power. Tears streamed down my face when I told them of my beloved mother and brother Joseph and my island home which indeed to me seemed then more like a dream than a reality. The story of my adventures and rescue in the mid-Atlantic was evidently not believed, neither could I make my accusers believe my real name.

The record of the crime charged against me stands to this day under the name of "Elwell alias Pendleton — residence unknown." A most complete and accurate description was made of my height, weight, and the color of my eyes and hair. My body was examined for the purpose of finding any marks for future identification. Even the birthmark on my right arm was carefully noted. In fact every measurement and identification was made and entered in

a large volume used for the records of every poor soul who had been branded as a felon.

It became evident that no stone would be left unturned to make my conviction complete. The bloody dirk with the peculiar Greek crosses on either side of the handle was laid before me again and again. Just as often I was questioned where I obtained it. No amount of questioning, urging or browbeating, could make me acknowledge that I was its owner. As my examination extended hour after hour I gained more self confidence and learned their methods of examination used to entrap me. For instance, the bundle of bloody clothing found under my bed was produced and held before me piece by piece with the attempt to make me confess that it was mine, but when I insisted that I be allowed to try on one of the shirts to prove that it would not fit me, it was immediately taken away and not further discussed.

Captain Hawtry brought my few effects ashore when they had been thoroughly disinfected and submitted them with a few trinkets to the examining officers. I was pleased to find that he returned the Bible, and the next day my persecutors placed it in

my cell. I informed them that on the fly-leaf they would see the name of the giver together with my own and the date in Liverpool upon which it had been presented to me. I had asked Mrs. Weathersby to inscribe it and this she had done. But this fact or anything that I might present in my favor had no effect upon them, for I noticed that the clerk was not allowed to record these and similar suggestions offered by me in my own defense.

It would be too long and too painful a story to describe those terrible hours of questions and accusations hurled against me. There is, however, one fact of which I wish here to make note. Zatick, the proprietor of the hotel, when called for examination, was most surly and sarcastic towards me. He denied that I had left my room that fateful night and went so far as to say that at midnight he heard my voice in angry tones expostulating with the Jew. He even took oath that I did not leave the Red Swan at all after he saw me and the Jew leave his wretched barroom together.

Zatick, the miserable wretch, by his very calmness and entire lack of willingness to answer more than was necessary, was nevertheless carefully weaving a web about me of greater damage than all other

things put together. He went so far as to assert that while he could not imagine who had murdered the Jew, he sat alone in the office in the hallway until midnight examining his accounts and settling his books. This, linked to the fact that he saw me go upstairs and that I did not again go out through the door near his desk, carried great weight in the evidence against me. Such an infernal lie so angered me that I was almost on the point of grabbing the dirk before me and flying at his throat. However, I held my temper and branded his remarks as brazen lies.

Zatick looked to me like a Greek or an Italian with thick-set neck and square shoulders. I have spoken before of his peculiar queer beady eyes set deep in their sockets. His black hair, thin face with large nose and sharp chin, gave him the disgusting appearance of a Mephistopheles. His head was set upon a short, stubby body, and he walked with the swing of a sailor, which was now so common to me. Could I have been permitted to ask him many questions which afterwards came to my mind, I would have had less of this narrative to write and saved myself much grief and suffering.

Even Captain Hawtry, I presume because of my



## 96 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

desertion had little good to say of me, acknowledging that he had heard I was found drunk in the Blue Ship Tavern in Liverpool and handed over to him by the proprietor. The examination of the crew from the ship made my conviction only the surer, inasmuch as a Portuguese sailor, who by the way could hardly speak English, became so confused and frightened that he answered in the affirmative when asked if he had ever seen me with the murderous dirk in my possession while at sea. Realizing I was helpless and being only permitted to answer questions carefully prepared to ensnare me, I finally declined to answer at all, simply ending my remarks with a protest of innocence and a statement that I had no object or motive for taking the life of the Jew who was the only person who had spoken a kind word to me. This assertion, like others, was entirely of no avail. My accusers and examiners kept demanding that I should make "a clean breast of the crime and disclose the whereabouts of the gold sovereigns" which as I have said, the Jew had told me that night in the ale-room he carried in a leather wallet strapped around his waist. At length they confronted me with an old hag of a woman who eagerly declared on oath that

she had found a gold piece near my door in the dark hallway outside my room. After endless examinations and lies made against me I was indicted and held to be tried for murder and returned roughly to my cell to await trial. In order to prevent escape or suicide, a guard was placed near my door with instructions to look in upon me every hour. I wonder that this whole procedure did not drive me mad. With no guilt upon my mind I sank into a feeling of despair which turned to righteous disgust and contempt, which, at the time of my trial later, made it almost impossible for me to preserve my natural demeanor.

The court provided me with a man by the name of Culvert to act as my counsel, for I was unable to pay for one of my own choosing. He was a young man of rather flippant manner. He begged me time and time again to tell him the truth just as though he considered me guilty. Furthermore, he attempted to make me take oath that I went into the Jew's room and was attacked by him, only succeeding in saving my life by wrenching the dirk from his hands and killing him in self-defense. I did not like his attitude at all, especially as he wanted me to insist that the gash in the Jew's neck was made

by me by mistake, insisting that I should say that I attempted to stab the Jew in the shoulder. Several times he almost convinced me that I had in reality killed the Jew.

He told me that he had recently come out from England and liked the country very much. He was always affable but there was something about his manner which made me think he was treacherous and insincere. At any rate he was small comfort to me. In a most dramatic manner he pictured the horrible death penalty I must pay unless I could prove I was guilty only of self-protection. He went so far as to say that I could prove the Jew invited me to his room after leaving the table downstairs and that the Jew accused me of the loss of his money and hence a quarrel ensued.

To these fabrications I turned a deaf ear, although I confess at times I was sorely tempted to adopt them. I frequently agreed with myself that inasmuch as I was guiltless any method was permissible to establish my innocence, for surely the evidence would be put so conclusively against me that I would beyond doubt be convicted in spite of my entire innocence.

Besides my counsellor, Mr. Culvert, Mr. Worth-

ington, the chaplain of the prison, was my only friend and adviser, and he strongly urged me not to adopt Mr. Culvert's plea, but whatever happened to speak only the truth.

He did, however, many times admit to me that in any event it would be hard for my prosecutors to show any "motive" for my crime were it not for the testimony of Molly, the old hag, Zatick's servant. But here again he felt able to tear down her assertion that the sovereign found by her belonged to the Jew or ever was in his possession.

Hour after hour we tried to fathom the attitude of Zatick and this woman, who certainly was a most horrific looking human being, with a cast in her eyes which never allowed her observers to obtain the slightest expression from her face, chalky white in color, well pock-marked.

A firm conviction took hold of me that Zatick and this dissolute creature and companion were entirely too eager in their testimony. I at last convinced Culvert that they were anxious to convict me and at least might have perpetrated the crime and secreted the hard earned sovereigns of the Jew. He did everything in his power to obtain further facts but to no avail. There was now only a week

left before my trial and during that time he persisted in advising me to adopt his story and plead for self-defence in spite of my innocence. The days wore on but I refused to adopt his plans, and the date of the trial arrived. I was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged by the neck until dead. I was led back to my prison cell to await the eventful morning upon which I was to be told of the exact time of my execution.

## CHAPTER VI

### CONDEMNED TO DEATH

I will not attempt to portray the dreary hours as they passed and the kindness of the prison chaplain who listened most attentively to my entire story and gave me much solace and saw to it that letters which I wrote my mother were duly deposited in the post.

I will not attempt to weary the reader with any minute details of the various moods and sentiments which came over me in my helpless predicament. If ever a man felt entirely missing and outside of the world or more lonesome or more injured than I, I have failed to learn of his whereabouts. But, withal, my youth and my good health, both of which stood me in such good stead and kept me in large measure from realizing the fate which was approaching and the fact that my conscience was entirely clear at times even gave me a sense of pity for those who had convicted me. Surely there was sufficient evidence for them to seek me out and

bring me to a court of justice as well as sufficient circumstantial evidence to impress upon the minds of any jurors that I was guilty.

Thus my mind was a conflicting mass of ideas and conclusions which seethed within me in a never-ending train of thought. So self-centered was I in my own dilemma that I seemed to lose sight of the fact that probably before the time of my execution there might be at least one staunch friend in the vicinity of the place in which I was confined. The day of my sentence arrived, the courtroom was packed with a motley crowd of morbid and curious people when I was brought in handcuffed to my guard. In absolute silence I stood before the presiding justice who again pronounced the fatal words that I was to be hanged by the neck until dead on the night of February 14, in the square enclosure outside the Colonial Prison.

On that very day the sun was shining outside, great white fleecy clouds lazily drifted over the little town and the soft winds of the tropics swayed the grasses and blew in through the windows of the tiny white houses. The words pronounced by the justice seemed to be the climax of the interest in my case. Men and women on the street corners

changed as though there were a conclusion and vindication of a crime which had been talked about for months. Not only in the village itself, but throughout the entire colony, the inhabitants were pursuing their usual occupations and except for the coming day of my execution the excitement of the whole affair was now at an end. Public interest lost its keenness and the little world about me realized that except for the further morbidness of the tragedy the drama was at an end. The day itself seemed to lend a quieting influence and Nature with its sublime beauty had taken possession of men's minds to the extent of making their earthly existence unconsciously more pleasant by the very atmosphere which they breathed.

The *Sea Fox* had long since spread her white sails to the southern winds and I presume by this time had crossed the Indian Ocean and was being loaded with merchandise for her return voyage from Hong Kong. The great gulls on the high red cliffs, my first friends upon reaching the shore, were undisturbed in their nesting. Aquamarine blue of the waters below, fringed with the snowy surf beating on the shore, presented a scene of beauty and bliss which cannot be equaled in other climes. The na-



tive fishermen sailed in and out of the harbor and the early morning wagonloads of refreshing produce gathered in the market square. Picturesque natives brought in from the sea and from the forest their various valuables of trade to return miles inland with salt, cartridges and various implements which civilization was at that time bringing them. Life was proceeding on its way and surely I was only a passing incident and of the very least importance to those of that small world.

I could feel from the atmosphere within my cell that the day without was one of gorgeous beauty, for the air that came in from the corridor above me and also the air which came in from the opening to the outer world in my cell gave me, at times, a fragrance which convinced me of the loveliness of the day so far from me. It was then that I realized that the sun, the stars, the moon, the air, and the countless things of life were for me ever at an end, and I could not convince myself that any future life would be comparable with the life that now was so near and yet so far from me.

At sunset, one evening, a full-rigged bark of English register anchored quietly in the harbor. It was not an unusual thing for a British ship to trade

at this port and as the people of the town watched the ship drop anchor, they looked upon it with no extraordinary excitement or undue interest. If I had known who the passengers on the bark were I could not have contained myself for joy.

As the evening sun with its pink reflections tinted the little hills and cast its deeper shadows, a small boat was lowered and a man and a woman with their comely daughter were rowed ashore to the dock, there to be greeted by no less a person than Chaplain Worthington, now my constant friend and adviser. It was Mr. Worthington's custom to make it a point, so far as lay in his power, to greet all newcomers when they put foot on shore, and offer them help and information as a part of his Christian and churchly duties. Chaplain Worthington was a splendid man of forty years of age, in charge of the Mission and always eager to aid those who needed help, and incidentally glad to keep in touch with all persons of worth that they might become interested in his work. God knows in that far country, so isolated from the rest of the world, he needed the support and assistance from whatever source it might come, so the greeting at the wharf that night was of double purpose.

Mr. Richard Weathersby of the Blue Ship Tavern, for it was no other person, grasped his hand and thanked him for his greeting and introduced him to his wife and Hazel, who were overjoyed to have thus safely arrived. The Chaplain insisted that they should accompany him to the Mission, where they would be comfortably taken care of for the night and urged them to stay until such time as they might perfect their plans and establish themselves in their new surroundings. The Mission was an ordinary low one-story bungalow building with surrounding gardens which Mrs. Worthington had taken great pride in arranging. There were little pathways running here and there with boxwood hedges and beds of flowers. A great, wide tiled roof protected the inmates during the heat of the midday sun and made a cool resting place beneath in the beautiful twilight and evening hours. Not more than half a mile away stood the Colonial Prison with its great white walls surrounded by the rectangular outer wall or stockade, on which armed guards paced at regular intervals.

After supper was over the Weathersbys and the Chaplain and his wife sat beneath the broad roof and walked in and about the Chaplain's garden.

Mrs. Weathersby and Mrs. Worthington, both English women of the best and substantial type, soon became fast friends and entered into a prolonged conversation both giving and taking information which each much desired. Mrs. Worthington, of course, was anxious to learn of the latest news from England and, indeed, the fashions and womanly matters of interest were eagerly entered into. The Chaplain and the owner of the Blue Ship Tavern talked about English politics and of world conditions which were of mutual interest. The Chaplain gave Mr. Weathersby a most complete description of their colonial surroundings, of business conditions, of the volume of trade, inhabitants and various other matters of interest. Mr. Weathersby, in due course, gladdened the Chaplain's heart with news from home which he so craved. Hazel sat alone on a settee in the garden, the cool quiet of the evening, the bright stars overhead and the tropical moon seemed to entrance her. As the moon rose out of the east it shed its rays on the surrounding country and outlined in the distance the great building and the walls of the prison which held me. The Chaplain returned and sat beside Hazel, who marvelled at the beauties of the night. He saw that

she was of unusual beauty and sweetness and endeavored to interest her by conversation which at the same time would be entertaining and amusing. He told her of his duties and his interesting experiences.

They looked across the rolling land below the Mission and he pointed out in the moonlight the great Colonial Prison. Her sympathy immediately responded to this particular part of his life and filled with a desire to please him, she asked, with some eagerness, whether all convicts were as guilty as they might seem to be from what is ordinarily gathered from current reports and public opinion. The good Chaplain replied that in every person there was much good, and he had seen most marvellous love and affection and courage in the hearts of criminals sentenced even to death. Such a topic was hardly in keeping with the beautiful night which surrounded them, but, nevertheless, he, with his rare intelligence and interesting conversation, gathered them all about him one by one and as they sat in the moonlight told one interesting story after another. At last, as the hour was getting late, he decided to tell them of the most remarkable pris-

soner whom he had yet found, and here were his words:

“I have had an unusually sad and trying day, for it has been my Christian duty to sustain the spirit of a young man convicted of the ghastly murder of an old Jew and to-day sentenced to be hanged. It is a most pitiful story and the man in question is of such a type that at times I am almost convinced of his innocence, although the circumstances surrounding his apprehension, trial and conviction, are such that he is doubtless guilty of a most heinous crime. He protests his innocence and from outward appearance appears to be entirely calm and of kindly intent and sentiments, wishing no harm or showing no anger on account of his conviction against his accusers. It is a very very strange story. The young man was a sailor and deserted from a ship that put into the port to receive medical assistance when stricken with scurvy. He claims that he deserted the ship at night by slipping overboard and swimming ashore and this was proved to be true by Hawtry, the ship's captain! The young man is a finely built well appearing American and his story, which seems entirely beyond belief, is that only a

few months ago he was lost in an open boat off the American Coast and was picked up at sea by a British ship and taken to Liverpool." At these words Hazel clasped her hands and her great blue eyes glistened in the moonlight. The Chaplain went on: "The lad is only about 18 years old. He drifted around Liverpool and was found one night drunk in a tavern where, he claims, the owners of the establishment harbored him for a few days and then set him out on his journey, assisting him to find a berth as a sailor before the mast on the *Sea Fox*, bound for Hong Kong. From there the convict says he expected to ship as a sailor on some other vessel across the Pacific to San Francisco and thence across the American continent, thus finding his way back to one of the states on the Atlantic Coast of New England." By this time Mr. Weathersby and Mrs. Weathersby had drawn their chairs closer to the Chaplain's and the mother had put her arm around Hazel and drawn her to her. The Chaplain continued: "We don't know what his name is, because when he deserted the ship and swam ashore he states that for fear of being apprehended as a deserter, he changed his name. At any rate it is a most remarkable story though not beyond the

realms of probability, and the evidence against him is not very conclusive, but mostly circumstantial. So in spite of my sympathy for the law I feel that justice may have miscarried. To show you an answer to your question as to whether or not a man of this type may have good or Godly qualities, and in justice to him, I ought to say that he occupies most of his time reading a Bible which to my delight I found he had with him on the ship and which was returned to him after his examination. In fact, I offered to loan him a prayer-book from the Mission, but to my pleasure he held behind the bars the Bible which I mention and which he said was one of the dearest things that he now had in the world.

“I have spoken of the affection of some of the types of prisoners that I have found. This particular man had with him when he swam ashore, a locket containing some girl's picture who, he claimed, was a sweetheart or something of that sort. This locket was originally taken from him but was also returned to him after his sentence, as he especially requested that it might remain in his keeping until the day of his execution. So you see that we find many peculiarities and excellent traits of faithfulness and character even among our worst felons and



criminals. It is a strange story and I suppose some time or other, after his death, we will really find out who he was. I only to-day mailed another letter to his mother, who, he claims, lives on one of the outboard islands off the New England Coast with his younger brother. In fact, the whole reason for his predicament, he insists, is the fact that he started going to sea for the sole purpose of assisting his widowed mother. His father was a fisherman and lost his life in his boat in a strong gale and his body was cast up upon the beach a few days after."

The tropical moon was hidden by a cloud and the evening wind sifted through the leaves of the trees and the garden. None of the Weathersbys spoke a word, not daring to ask my name.

The good clergyman continued, "I presume somewhere in the world the real story of this man is written down in the heart of some person or persons who has as much affection for him as only a mother may have for her son or a sweetheart for her lover. Human affection is like a great oak which stands steadfast through the seasons and does not break or die with any blast. It lives on through the years and in troublous times is more steadfast than ever. He calls himself Elwell, but when he

deserted ship he used the name Pendleton. I would give a great deal to know who the person is that holds the latch-strings to this convict's heart. Somewhere there is a person, doubtless, who would lay down their life for him. Surely he is alone in a strange country as he is unknown to any of us."

At these words Hazel stood erect in the moonlight and walking away leaned limp against the pillar which supported the great overhanging roof. Tears streamed down her face as she stood there sobbing. Her father and mother sat riveted to their seats. Sensing a peculiar condition of his visitors the goodly Chaplain stopped his narrative, waiting some word from them to break the silence.

Hazel walked to the Chaplain's side, and taking him by the hand, asked him to come with her. Bewildered and surprised he followed her through the narrow lane towards the prison. Suddenly she stopped and turned face to face, saying, "Lead me to the prison; the locket contains my picture, the Bible is a gift of my mother's. Ambrose must know to-night that I am near him." Gently he led her faltering to her father and mother and sobbing they led her to her room.

That night as the clock in the Mission tower

struck twelve, I heard a gentle tread in the corridor outside my cell. The voice of the Chaplain said, "Pendleton, come near, I wish to speak with you."

I aroused myself from a restless slumber. By the dim light in the corridor my eyes outlined the Chaplain's form and I walked to my prison door. Through the bars he grasped me by my hand with these words, "Mr. and Mrs. Weathersby have been sitting with me this evening in the moonlight. I chanced to tell them about you. Within an hour Hazel's hands have been in mine with the urgent request that I come to you and tell you to be of good cheer. It is needless to say that her heart goes out in love to you and regardless of what may befall you, you are alone in the world no more."

Kissing the hand that held mine I burst into tears and in a paroxysm of joy, sank into peaceful repose.

## CHAPER VII

### MOLLY HORN

The next night a tropical storm of wind and rain swept over the little colony. The Red Swan was dark; the rain poured down in torrents and beat in sheets against the rattling windows. It was long past the hour of midnight that old Molly Horn, Zatick's old hag, with hair disheveled, cautiously lifted the latch of her door in the darkness and stealthily felt her way along the hallway and down the back stairs to the rear entrance of the ale-room, long since deserted. Flash after flash of lightning illumined the heavens, leaving the little town in utter darkness. Feeling her way to the farthest corner of the room, by the aid of matches which she again and again lighted, she opened a small cupboard door and putting her hand in an old pewter mug, took out the old-fashioned key of the wine closet below. Back again in a few seconds to the rear of the room, she opened the door through which she

came and crept down the old stone stairway into the windowless cellar beneath, closing the door behind her. When safely in the cellar, she lit a taper in order to find her way the more easily through the maze of piles of old barrels and debris for which Zatick's cellar was a resting place. Her lean face was ghostlike with her hair dropping over her long bony arms and shoulders. Her high cheek bones and sunken cheeks of ashy color accentuated the shadows made by the dim light which she held in her long fingers. Several times she stopped to listen as though in dread of being discovered, and turned once or twice as though waiting for some one to appear. Surely she was on some unusual mission at this nightly hour, as her dissipated face had either a look of determination or dread, impossible to say which. A few steps brought her to the door of the wine closet behind a pile of empty casks which she unlocked and opened. The iron hinges, rust covered, greeted her with a disturbing groan as the heavy door swung open. There were rows of small casks of whiskies, Bourbon, and other liquors, besides several large casks of port and madeira. In one corner were a dozen or more large jugs of Holland gin, apparently well arranged. Kneeling on

the damp floor, beginning with the jug nearest the door, she counted them carefully, until her hand came to the seventh jug which, with caution, she lifted and set to one side, and then pushed away the damp earth upon which it had rested. Beneath it, there lay a small canvas sack which she grasped in feverish haste and quickly pushed back the earth, placing the jug carefully in its original position, and putting the treasured sack in her apron, she swung the heavy door into place, locked it, standing in the cellar's darkness again to listen before venturing to light another taper.

No better night for this errand could have been selected, in the noise of the wind and the rain. Indeed, both she and Zatick were favored to be thus so well protected. As she groped her way up the stone stairway to the ale-room above, to which Zatick, her master, had come to meet her by appointment, the clock in the Mission tower struck two. Zatick opened the ale-room door.

In my cell that night at that instant, I, too, heard the bell ring out through the storm — Hazel heard it as well, for she was awakened by a sudden and tremendous crash of thunder, followed by a bolt of lightning which danced vividly in the sky for a

fraction of a second and descended with a crash upon the Red Swan. Mortally stricken Molly sank to the floor. For a few seconds, Zatick, dazed and overcome by the shock, leaned against the wall. A great rent had been made in the side of the ale-room in the ell of the building. To any other person the first thought would have been to administer to the dying woman, lying on the floor at his feet, but not so with Zatick, who groped in the darkness for the sack on the floor beside her and hastily went with it to his room by way of the old back stairway.

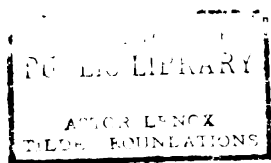
Quickly he pushed the sack under his mattress and returned in a paroxysm of fear to drag the insensible prostrate creature by the arms to the stairs and then lifted her bodily, staggering up the narrow flight to her room and dropped her on her bed. Then he pulled her skirt and shoes from her and soon removed the shabby shawl pinned about her neck and shoulders. Flashes of lightning rent the air and flashed a devilish flickering light again and again upon him. With perspiration standing out in beads upon his forehead he half stumbled down the stairs to the ale-room, fearing lest the Red Swan might be on fire. The rain was dripping through the rent ceiling, and the shattered wall had col-

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Molly Horn





lapsed. With every gust of wind, sheets of water came in on chairs and tables. Unfortunately or not, there were no so-called guests or loiterers in the Red Swan to further alarm or embarrass him, and no one to discover or disclose the happenings that night so far as he knew. Nevertheless, he stood there alone, evidently awaiting some one and also fearing that the crash of the bolt might have aroused some neighbors who at that time might appear and be most unwelcome. His expectations were not far from right, for in a few moments the dark form of a man on the tavern porch was visible. Zatick staggered to the door, letting the newcomer in, who was no less a person than Molly's brother. In whispered conference, Zatick explained that Molly was ill upstairs and it would be impossible to deliver to the visitor the half of the contents of the sack.

Larry Horn was a big, burly fellow, who knew Zatick intimately and many times in the past had acted as his accomplice and informant and was not inclined to thus be put off. He had come there by appointment to receive the contents of the sack and take it to the squalid room in which he lived and there secrete it until such time as, little by little, he might change it into smaller pieces, or script, even-

tually covering up a portion of Zatick's guilt. For this he was to receive in safe keeping for his sister, one-half of the sovereigns belonging to the murdered Jew. The hasty conference did not seem to satisfy the burly visitor and pushing Zatick to one side with heavy stride he went to Molly's room, followed by Zatick pleading with him not to strike a light or make any noise. Entering the room he spoke to the stricken Molly who made no reply. He then ordered Zatick to pull down the shade to the window and quickly lighted the candle on her bureau. Molly lay nearer dead than alive, unconscious, but mumbling unintelligently. "You have murdered her as well as the Jew," cried the angry brother. "Give me the sack or tell me where it is or, by God, you will swing instead of the boy."

Argument was of no avail. Grabbing Zatick by the throat he pushed him up against the wall, digging his fingers into his flesh until he was nearly unconscious. Soon the terrified Zatick agreed to lead him to his room and give him the coveted sack. In a few moments, with the sack in his pocket, Larry was out upon the street in the height of the storm, walking or running as fast as he could to the house of Dr. Grayden, and, pounding on the door, he

waited for a response. In a few moments the doctor, accustomed to such untimely calls, came with him through the pouring rain to Molly's room. At a glance he could see that she was about to expire and putting his head close to her lips he tried to make sense out of her occasional mutterings.

This is what the doctor heard: "The boy — not there — that night — the boy — out — not — home — did not — the Jew — dead — I know — Zatick," and with these words, with mouth set and face distorted, with arms outstretched, the old hag sank back and expired. The doctor placed her arms across her body, and having drawn a sheet over her, opened the window and went home to finish his broken sleep. Zatick, beside himself with fear, closed the door and went to his room, while Larry Horn secreted the sack of English sovereigns, taking them away with him.

I spent a restless night and each hour thereafter I heard the bell ring out in the Mission tower. By morning the storm had abated and the sun came up to dry away the flooded streets. The people in the little town began the day with the pursuit of their usual occupations as though no particular happening had transpired while they slept.

That evening, however, Dr. Grayden, as was his custom, visited my good friend the Chaplain, after the supper hour, on the Mission veranda. Naturally those gathered about discussed the frightfulness of the storm of the evening before, and the doctor told his listeners of his recent experience at the Red Swan. Molly was a character well-known throughout the town. The story did not seem to be of great interest until the good doctor repeated word for word her last mumblings. The immediate effect upon Hazel and her father and the Chaplain was most marked. Again and again the Chaplain questioned the doctor and at last he took the doctor by the arm and walked back and forth with him in the garden. They discussed my innocence and the next morning both of them came to my cell and told me the entire story which I have repeated here. Little by little it dawned upon us that Molly was attempting to disclose a secret from which she wished to be unburdened in her dying hour. Her words were not sufficiently strong to exonerate me but, nevertheless, they made a deep impression within me, and I am sure convinced the Chaplain and the doctor of my innocence. At any rate Culbert, my attorney, soon put in a demand for a new trial, asserting that there

was further evidence which had not been produced, but, in spite of repeated visits and arguments not only to the judge but to the excellent governor of the colony himself, his demands and protestations were of no avail.

The Chaplain assured me time and time again, as the days drew my execution nearer, that everything would be done for me to save me from the fate that seemed so sure to overtake me. In the meantime these assurances gave me the greatest mental relief and comfort for of all of the persons in the world that I most cherished and loved I was mentally at ease with the knowledge that I had their affection and respect and esteem and was absolutely guiltless in their eyes. Little did I appreciate what this affection and loyalty was to be to me later.

If I had been informed then of the conversations and secret plannings at the Mission, I would not have been able to withstand the joy that would have been mine and my keepers would have discovered the plans for my liberation. Day after day I wondered why the Chaplain brought me only verbal messages of comfort and cheer from Hazel and at length I questioned him on this point, but his one reply was that it was wiser that she did not visit

or write me and it would be most difficult to obtain her entrance into the prison. Furthermore, he explained that meeting her face to face under such conditions would be most heartrending and hard for both her and me to endure and that he had the utmost confidence of the jailer and superintendent and that in his opinion it was wiser for him to be the bearer of messages and my sole comfort as otherwise a more stringent guard would be placed over me. It had been the good man's function for several years to act as the spiritual adviser of all those within the prison walls and he had practically perfect freedom to go and come as he deemed wise and best in carrying out his Godly mission.

He was indeed a trusted officer of the institution and held daily consultation with the various jailers and the superintendent himself. He knew most intimately the heartrending stories and had most intimate acquaintance with the life history of each convict. He was a stern man of Scotch descent and held high above him the law of God, but, withal, he tempered his every act with justice and mercy. Could I have known what was in the good man's heart and the sacrifice he was ready to make for me,

I think I should have swooned away with emotion. Surely never had man a better friend.

As the days went by I thought little or nothing of the day of my execution which now was only some two weeks off. Somehow or other I felt a moral assurance that with the aid of this Godly person my life would be spared, and my circumscribed life hung upon his words and the courage which he gave me, although I was repeatedly told that there was no hope of a retrial and that I must wait until the last hour before I would absolutely know my fate.

He insisted that he did not wish any one within the prison walls to know that I had a friend in the world beside him. From his very manner, I gathered that there was something afoot to set me free which he did not and would not disclose, but, at length, I exacted from him a promise that forty-eight hours before the day of my execution he would impart to me everything that was within his mind, always, however, with the promise that I bear up under such information as he might give me without showing the slightest perturbation whether or not the news that was to be imparted was for my happiness or despair. He did not even bring me flowers



which time and time again Hazel gave to him and which she in turn thought were given me on his daily visits.

Mr. Worthington cautioned me to have no conversation with my prison guard, either day or night, and especially cautioned me to be in every way most tractable and polite and obedient to every slightest rule and regulation.

The prison fare did not seem to reduce my weight or impair my health and, except for a longing for exercise and freedom, I was better than might have been expected. There was, in fact, only one question that disturbed me greatly and that was the longing to hear from my mother and brother, and, daily, I pictured to myself what they might be doing and dreamed of the little island and the blue Atlantic and the familiar scenes of my boyhood which now seemed to have passed by me so many years ago, but which in reality were not more than a year back.

The nightly meetings in the Mission had for the most part ceased. The Weathersbys were now located some two miles outside of the town, having purchased a small farm upon which they had settled. Mr. Weathersby devoted most of his time to the investment and shipping of jute and had pros-

pects of excellent profits and returns. Even Hazel, although saddened by the circumstances which surrounded her, bore up cheerfully in the situation and assisted in the daily household duties from morning till night.

Nevertheless there was much on foot which even she did not know. The Chaplain told me that she must trust entirely to him and to her he gave his sacred word that my life should be spared. Time and time again she questioned him and, with pleading voice and tears in those great blue eyes, begged of him that he impart to her his plans. Her entreaties, however, were useless, but his strong face and convincing manner always gave her the assurance which was necessary to bring her complete happiness, although such assurance had to be given to her time and time again. Even the Chaplain's wife did not know of the plan which he had and to this day I believe that he and Mr. Weathersby and the doctor were the only ones in whom he placed his confidence and to whom I must give thanks for the plan for my ultimate salvation. The Chaplain had much to do beside his regular duties. At the completion of his day's work it was his custom to visit the doctor or else visit Mr. Weathersby. Sometimes the latter

would come to his house and at others the three would meet at the doctor's office. Then again they would sit in one of the back rooms of the Mission with the door closed and hold long conversations late into the night. Their actions, however, never aroused the slightest suspicion in the community and the inhabitants, if they did see them together, in no way suspected that any one of them was particularly interested in my welfare.

Some forty miles to the north of the colony was a small cove — a beautiful inlet from the sea. Its entrance was a narrow stretch of water between two enormous high cliffs. At the southern end of the cove there stood a short way from the shore a fisherman's cabin. For want of a better name, at the present time I will call this fisherman Taylor. His life had been a series of extraordinary experiences which I will not here attempt to give especially as he, too, had been a prisoner and had served a long sentence under the Chaplain's care. After his release this poor man did not dare to face the world and had become more or less of a hermit, living in this beautiful but deserted spot only occasionally sailing along the shore to our colony town. In the dead of night sometimes he came to the Mission and talked

at length with lowered voice to the Chaplain. In fact, the real and only friend who greeted him with outstretched hand and gave him advice and comfort was the same person who visited me daily in my cell.

One night about one week before the time appointed for my execution Taylor's little boat, with lateen sails, drifted lazily into the harbor. That night Taylor spent at the mission in the back room with Chaplain Worthington. He was a rough soul of splendid physique and kindly face, with big broad shoulders and powerful arms and limbs.

"Taylor," the Chaplain began, "you once told me that if ever I needed you or your service I might rely upon you. I am about to ask you to render me a service which may place you back within the prison walls for a short time, perhaps, but at worst not for long. We have tried to find some way to save Ambrose Elwell. I tell you that I am convinced of his innocence and a great wrong will be done should we allow him to be executed. I cannot, however, accomplish his release and escape without the assistance of an unsuspected and trustworthy friend. Hour after hour, and day after day, I have made plans to prevent his execution, and I ask you as one who has suffered for the expiation of a crime which you

have committed that you will assist me in preventing the miscarriage of justice and saving the life of an innocent boy."

Taylor stood erect, his eyes fixed upon the man of God and extending his brawny hand he offered it without saying a word. The eyes of the two men met — any conversation at that moment would have been useless and superfluous. There was a moment's silence and both sat down,— Taylor simply waiting for instructions. The Chaplain continued: "The day of the execution is set for the fourteenth day of February. It is now the second. On the night of the twelfth I ask for your assistance. I want your boat to be in the harbor and wait there until such time as a passenger may come to you. I do not want you again to be seen in the town or to sail your boat into the harbor until after sunset. The boat must be anchored to the south of the town and opposite the Red Cliffs, and there I want you to wait until this young man reaches you. See that you are provisioned with sufficient supplies and food to carry you and him along the coast to your harbor. Secrete him in your cabin until you receive other instructions from me."

The thought of being of service to the Chaplain

so touched Taylor that his eyes moistened, while the prospect of an adventure of this type so pleased him that he smiled. The idea of being of material assistance in the liberation of one who had endured what he had endured, was a stimulant to him which was reflected in the flash of his eye and the grip which he gave the Chaplain's hand. Without saying more the two parted, and the form of Taylor disappeared down the lane leading away from the Mission House. That night there was a little sailboat upon the waters off the coast and a fisherman whistled and sang as his boat bore him over the tropical waters to the cove. The next day he occupied himself in preparing his cabin for his unknown guest. The cabin was a two-room structure and fairly comfortable. It looked out on the little harbor and back of it lay the endless waste of a tropical forest. The only access to it was by water and any boat entering the harbor could be seen at a glance. That night if any one could have looked in through the cabin window they would have found Taylor pulling up the boards of the floor and the next day they would have seen him digging underneath the cabin floor and making a small cellar some four feet square therein. Every particle of earth thus removed from

the sandy soil he carried and threw into the water that there might not be the slightest trace of the excavation. Carefully he replaced the boards, patching them together by cross-sticks underneath, and fitting them so that any stranger would not notice that the flooring had in any way been disturbed. In order to lift the piece of flooring thus made a nail was driven in and the end underneath slightly turned. This loose nail thus placed, acting as a handle, could be lifted and the cover to the excavation below could be easily removed defying detection of any disturbance of the floor.

## CHAPTER VIII

### I ESCAPE

On the morning of the eleventh of February the Chaplain came to me. His face was somewhat sterner than usual and I steeled myself, for I knew that he was about to disclose to me the plans which meant my life or death. He said nothing, however, to me, but bade me a cheerful good morning and slipped in my hand a small piece of paper which read as follows:

"To-morrow night at eleven o'clock you are to call for your jailer, stating that you are ill. Enclosed in this paper are two capsules which you are to take to-morrow night after supper. These capsules will cause you to be nauseated and your illness will be real and not pretended. Demand of your keeper that I shall be summoned and also the doctor. This is not an unusual request. We will come to your cell at about twenty minutes to twelve. In order to examine you we will be allowed to enter. While the doctor is supposed to make such examination, I will change clothes with you and take your place. Do not falter. Carry out these instructions and obey implicitly the following: You are to make



your escape with the doctor and should you be in any way approached or apprehended I rely upon your own physical strength to overcome any keeper who may attempt to stop you. The doctor will assist you, for you two are to go out together. The doctor will lead you through the east exit. There will be two horses awaiting you tied in the bushes nearby. Get into the saddle quickly and follow the doctor to the beach where you originally swam ashore. A small skiff will be waiting for you there. You are to get on board a small fishing boat waiting for you in the outer harbor in command of a man named Taylor who will safely secrete you until such time as you receive further instructions. Hazel sends you her deepest love with the confidence that you will be brave for her sake. I am sure a pardon eventually will be yours. Hazel, I am sure, lives only for the day to follow you to America. Keep this paper — I will be back in a few minutes and take it from you."

Twice I read it through and in a few minutes the Chaplain returned and took it from me. I had not time to argue with him or to impress upon him that he was breaking the law by assisting me in my escape for with a hurried whisper he said, "Do not falter — carry out my instructions."

It is safe to say that night that I did not sleep at all. The possibility of escape stood before me in every possible aspect. One minute I reasoned with myself that I should not allow the Chaplain to jeop-

ardize his reputation or take the law thus into his own hands and run the chance of being obliged to overcome my prison guard. Then my mind would ponder on the fact that I was absolutely innocent and that God in his mercy and wisdom had thus provided a way to extricate me from my plight and was answering my innumerable prayers. Overcome I argued to myself that the Chaplain was God's own representative and that Divine Providence had given him to me. Again and again I said to myself, why should I die with life so sweet before me? Sitting on my little cot I gazed hour after hour at the stony floor and remembered the last few instructions and especially the words, "You will go to America and Hazel lives only for the day to follow you." The door of hope and of happiness was being unlocked for me at the sacrifice of the reputation of this Godly man and the fearless doctor. Then I remembered the words that in a short time "you will be pardoned." It dawned upon me that perhaps the doctor and the Chaplain knew exactly what they were doing and that any wrong which might be laid to their door would soon be explained and their entire exoneration would follow. It is useless even to attempt to describe the thousand and one thoughts which

flashed through my wearied mind, but I always held before me the noble face of Mr. Worthington and I knew that he was a type of man who would not allow his conscience to relax for a moment or do anything which would not be ultimately for the good of mankind. I had nothing left to do but to make up my mind that I would completely follow the instructions which were so miraculous and unexpected. I could scarcely wait the dawning of the day and the usual "good morning" to my keeper. The entire day I walked back and forth in my cell and it was only late in the afternoon that I allowed myself to sleep for a short time. At nine o'clock that night I heard the bell in the Mission strike out the hour. Again at ten the same tones rang out as I walked to and fro. At eleven my excitement was such that I could hardly contain myself and I closed my hands with such strength that my nails almost drew blood in my palms. The minutes wore on. I had taken the two capsules and was seized with violent nausea. I cried out aloud and my voice rang down through the corridor to my keeper who immediately came to my cell. He was a very decent man and immediately gave orders for the Chaplain and doctor to be sent for. In a short time I heard footsteps coming down the

corridor and my door was opened and my visitors entered. Without saying a word the Chaplain took off his clothing and I took off mine and the hasty change was made. Then we sat together for a few moments and the doctor whispered to me that when the door was opened he would lead the way and I was to follow. Soon the keeper came and unlocked the door, and, with the Chaplain's black hat and black clothes upon me I walked out into the corridor behind the doctor. The guard turned his back upon us to look in upon the cell, only to see the Chaplain stretched out on my cot, and asked how I was feeling to which the Chaplain made no response. At the end of the corridor I passed a second guard who nodded politely but when we reached the outer door on the east side, a surly guard blocked the entrance looking particularly at the doctor who engaged him in conversation as I attempted to walk by. The guard, however, recognized me at a glance and sprang towards me but I was, by good fortune, quicker than he and as he grabbed at my shoulders with all my might I swung my body to the right and grabbing him with my left hand around the throat pinned him to the floor with my knees. He could not cry out my grip was so tight. The doctor

grabbed his keys thrown on the floor and then threw himself on top of the prostrate guard's body giving me a chance to pick up the keys and unlock the door which I closed with a slam behind me. I was out now in the starlight and threw away the keys. The doctor could not escape, so I immediately mounted one of the horses and dashed off into the darkness headed towards the shore. My idea of the streets and the geography of my surroundings was better than I had expected owing to my walk on that eventful night and my escape from the ship. I could see the lights of the town to the left and knew the general location of the high cliffs a mile or two to the right. Good fortune was with me and I galloped the horse as fast as the road permitted. However, not finding a road with sufficiently safe footing which led to the cliffs, which I could now see looming up in the darkness, I dismounted and turning my horse away from the town, struck him several blows with my fist so that he would not return for some time. Then pushing through the brush and over rocks, crawling at times and falling at other times, I succeeded in finding the shore. In a few minutes I was located on the beach but to my dismay there was no skiff. Like

a madman I ran up and down the beach and as I turned into a little jetty I found a small wherry pulled up above high water mark. Then the bell in the Mission struck twelve as I dragged the boat to the water's edge and pushed off into the sea. The exhilaration of liberty and the pulling of the oars gave me a sense of intoxication which strengthened my stroke with every pull. Not knowing exactly where I should proceed, I rowed out towards the mouth of the harbor and seeing nothing I rowed at least one-half mile beyond, every now and then stopping to listen. At last beyond me I heard a faint whistle and believing that it was my unknown friend Taylor, I rowed in his direction. To my joy I saw the lateen rig of a small sloop and rowed frantically towards it. Coming alongside I threw myself over the rail and sank exhausted in the bottom of the little boat, lying on my back with my face towards the brilliant stars, which swayed above me as the craft rolled along over the water. Behind the sail a crescent moon swung in the heavens as clearly cut as though made of golden silvered glass. Taylor's great form in the stern stood out against the bright atmosphere. Now and then he pulled in the sheet of the sail or let off to help the boat along. "I say,"

said he, "it's a good night to be leaving that 'ole — I knows for it's I that was there those ten years — even before the parson came and then those three more after 'is coming." I was too enchanted breathing the heavenly night air — and too relaxed to even venture to reply at that moment.

Taylor took no offense at my enforced silence and continued between the puffs of his pipe which he had lighted, "It's I that knows what a good man the parson is, the best, the very best, and when he asked me if I was game to help him get yer away from there, I just grabbed 'is 'and and so I'm 'ere at your service. I know what it is to face the world and yer better off not trying to face it. Once a convict — always a convict, unless yer can get away so far that no one knows and then ye're always thinking yer own shadow is going to give yer up."

"Yes," I replied as his meaning struck a new terror within me, "I suppose I must hide forever and always be in constant fear with the expectation that sometime I may be discovered."

"That's it," he said, "and by and by you'll wish yer was back where yer come from rather than be dreadin' and expectin'. I know, I heard ~~them~~ that's been all through it tell their ideas. Be that as it

may," he continued, " this right now is happier than back there with the sure chance of swingin' for a job yer never done," and then the good-hearted man chuckled as he turned his face towards the lights in the town which were growing dimmer and further away each moment.

Taylor's remarks were all too true. In spite of the great sense of relief and bodily freedom there was beginning to grow within me a dread and fear of being apprehended or discovered which was to take a strong hold upon me as we shall find later, and, although Taylor meant only kindness his words accentuated and increased a nervousness which gave me later untold suffering.

I did not ask him to tell me the story of his crime and long punishment. Instead I assured him of my great gratitude to him, dwelling on my entire innocence and my confidence and affection for Mr. Worthington and the doctor. He was greatly pleased when I said to him, " Mr. Worthington says you are a real man and in every way his trustworthy and honorable friend — surely he has the utmost respect and admiration for you and I, too, can never show you my gratitude for saving my life." In this way we soon were acquainted and thoroughly



weary I fell asleep while he talked to me of many things I did not hear. I remember, however, of his description of his cabin or "place" as he called it, of which he was very proud, and he gave me many assurances of safety which put me at ease. This idea of security and freedom from the certain death which faced me gave me a new strength and spirit which I had believed had forever forsaken me. So much so, that time and time again I mentally repeated the twenty-third Psalm of David which begins, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." With these beautiful words running through my mind again I fell to slumbering — guiltless and peaceful in mind giving thus an humble prayer to God for my deliverance.

I awoke with the rising of the sun far out over the eastern sea. The gray of the morning came just as the crescent moon dipped behind the hills above the shore line. It was just like those early mornings I had seen a hundred times in my father's boat when I carefree went out day after day between those breaking ledges and reefs so far away.

The early pink in the mists breaking that morning were the symbols of the beginning of a new life for me. The warmth of the rising sun gave me new

hope and courage. The gulls that flew above us reflected the sense of freedom that was within me.

By this time it was near noon and we both were hungry. On the side of the cabin was a goodly supply of dishes and utensils and I watched Taylor with interest as he filled the stove with wood which snapped and burned briskly, while he assumed the rôle of cook. Soon the coffee and potatoes and bacon were cooking. Such surroundings as these made me feel at home, so I quite naturally helped in placing the heavy dishes on the oil cloth covered table in preparation for our noon day meal. Taylor always kept an eye towards the open door and frequently looked out towards the entrance of the cove lest some one might approach us from the sea and come upon us unaware. "You see," said he, "no person can reach us by land except he has a four days' journey through the hardest and worst country. We're a good forty miles from the town through the forest with deep fords, marshes and endless thickets, and it's I that knows it. They will come here by water then later make a try to cover the woods and hunt them through, but by that time you'll be gone so far they'll be lookin' for you God knows where but it won't be here they'll find you.

Besides," he continued, "they won't get here by water for a day to come yet."

That afternoon we walked around the cove and climbed the cliff towering at the narrow entrance. Never have I seen such a strange formation of reefs extending a mile or so out from the shore, visible beneath the water from the height where we stood, looking like dark sea monsters sleeping beneath the surface, waking into life with the old roll coming in upon them. The sea roared and boiled at our feet, for the wind was increasingly strong with each hour of the waning day.

"We're in luck, pal," remarked Taylor; "if it was to be to-night we were at sea, God knows of the jumping there'll be out there. It makes up like a nasty blow — and by dark it's you that'll thank your luck that yer here instead of havin' to beat along the coast. It's good luck, lad, and bad luck to them that starts to sail to Taylor's to-day or to-night. It's a snug place and luck we've got. Surely the parson's a weather prophet as well as a judge."

Turning with a smile he worked his way down the cliff, leaving me to my own devices so I sat for awhile to watch the breakers before returning to the cabin.

It was quite dark when I opened the door and began to help him with the evening meal consisting of delicious fish caught in the cove while I was watching the surf. After supper we sat in the darkness and talked at length. Several times Taylor seemed almost to tell me the story of his long incarceration but each time when I thought him on the verge of disclosing his history to me, he hesitated and adroitly changed the subject. I, of course, took no occasion to press him, although once or twice my curiosity almost got the better of me and I was on the point of telling him that if I could bear a message to England for him it would bring me much pleasure. There was a heavy gale that night as we talked hour after hour in the comfortable cabin. The trees in the forest around us swayed their great branches to and fro with the gusts from the cliffs. Now and then in the whistle of the breeze a branch snapped or rotten trees crashed to earth. All this made me feel doubly grateful for my present safety and thankful for my good fortune. If we had been at sea in his little sloop that night we surely must have perished. By midnight there was a gale raging upon the coast which even in its seclusion made our little cabin rock. So here we slept midst the roar of the

winds and patter of the torrential rains. The little brook running into the cove near by became a gushing torrent of muddy water falling over the rocks to the cove filled with brackish foam blown here and there by the eddying winds, coming in between the high cliffs making the entrance. I knew that no human being would attempt to reach us that night either by land or sea, and my sleep was like that of a child, temporarily sunk into a feeling of security and calm after great tribulations. It was my first sleep of such rest and sweet repose for more than a year and when day broke I was still sleeping even until it was long into the forenoon.

When my eyes opened to greet the sunshine streaming into the room, Taylor stood in the open doorway looking at me with a smile of satisfaction. "Ah, lad, it's a great resting place this."

"Yes," I said, jumping from the bed and putting on my breeches, "and I never slept sounder or safer."

"Right, mate, and if my eyes are true it's safe you are for many nights to come. For," said he, "I took care this morning to be a bit watchful taking a look at the sea, so that by no chance could we be

caught by surprise. But I saw no living thing at sea to-day."

His strange tone and his manner somewhat startled me and he repeated, "I saw no living thing," accenting it seemed to me the word "living."

"What's the matter, Taylor?" I asked, as I drank my coffee and ate a big bowl of porridge.

"Not much now, but I knew the fools would take a chance and they did, but all chance is gone now."

Still I did not understand his meaning or the purport of this information he intended to give me.

"Tell me, Taylor, what do you mean? Is anything wrong?"

"No, it ain't wrong as I see it," he chuckled. "In fact, it's right enough — right enough."

Seeing that I had finished my meal he suggested that we both go up to the cliff to continue the lookout for our friends, as he expressed it. The storm had cleared away leaving an opal blue sky and a rich foliage of green below. The atmosphere was as soft and balmy as could be imagined. Climbing the cliff I sat beside him. In every direction the great rollers rushed in breaking and sending spray far up upon the jagged sides of the cliff.

As we gazed together I noticed that Taylor watched me every now and then with a peculiar amused look upon his face. For a few moments I was entirely at my wit's ends to know the reason for his peculiar manner towards me. Then suddenly, as my eyes looked out to sea, there upon the farthest reef I plainly saw a mast with a portion of sail attached, rolling with each incoming wave against the side of the reef. Surely it was the rig of a small sloop. Dumbfounded I turned to see if our own little boat was still safely at anchor in the cove. There she lay surrounded by the white foam that drifted in through the jetty. I turned to Taylor, "In the name of heaven, what little boat has been cast up during the storm?"

With a wise look upon his face he said, "It's only one, lad, it's only one. I suspicioned they would shortly start for us and as you know yesterday was a bright and a good day for their coming — but they got caught, caught, in the gale last night. They could not turn back, they had to come and I suppose at daylight they tried to make the entrance through the breakers to my place. It's only one man in ten thousand could put a boat through here, and at night no man could ever do it."

"Yes," I said, "but can't we be of some assistance?" Immediately I was seized with a desire to help the unfortunates who had risked their lives to apprehend me.

"They don't need help out there — they're gone long ago. We will find them some day by and by." But this time his face did not appear cheerful for the thought struck him and me at the same moment, that we might be accused of doing away with the lives of those who had come to apprehend me.

All that day Taylor and I discussed what was best to do and it was agreed that when the storm subsided we should row out to the wreck and do what we could to salvage her, find out from whence she came and finally dispose of every vestige of her for fear that we might be accused of taking the lives of those pursuing us, who were now already drowned in the sea which stretched before us. The next day except for a long rolling the sea was comparatively smooth and Taylor and I set out in the skiff at an early hour. Near the outer reef was the battered hull of a sloop turned turtle and grinding with every motion of the sea into the jagged rocks. It was low tide, the ballast had been lost by the capsizing of the little hull, so accordingly we ran out beyond her an



anchor to keep her from further rolling in on the shore as the tide came in. In three or four hours we had her floating with the water washing over her and by great effort and the aid of a light fair wind which blew into the cove, we managed to beach her on the high of the tide. There was not a thing left in her and no mark upon her of distinction whatsoever, but Taylor said, "I know her. It's the best sloop at the harbor and it's them I know well has used her. The sheet was tied to a cleat which probably accounted in some measure for her capsizing in one of the heavy squalls during the previous night. The only wonder is that those who managed her should have arrived so near to their destination and lost her on the outer reefs."

That night we set about with axes to split her up and at length piled her broken timbers, planks, ceiling and every particle of her at low water mark and saturating them with oil and kerosene proceeded to set the remains of the little craft on fire so that not a trace of her would remain. As we slept that night the bright light of the flames danced in through the cabin window and by morning the tide had carried away the last bit of her charred embers. It now remained for us to discover if possible who were her

crew and what fate had overtaken them. This we discovered in due course, as will be observed later. We were now doubly sure, however, that for a long time to come there would be no further attempt to locate us at our present hiding place, at least until such reasonable time as those sent to pursue us might be supposed to occupy before returning. In other words, the officers at the colony would naturally not expect the return of the little craft for several days to come. Thus again we felt morally safe from apprehension by sea. Each day, however, wore upon me with considerable anxiety for I was expecting at any moment to hear from or see Mr. Weathersby and it is needless to say that I was longing for some word from Hazel.

## CHAPTER IX

### A SHIP

While these events were transpiring Hazel's father was not in the least idle. It had been agreed by the doctor and the Chaplain and Mr. Weathersby that the best plan to safely accomplish my escape after I might arrive at Taylor's cabin, would be in some manner to get the next ship sailing for England to stand back and forth off the coast in the region of Taylor's cove awaiting my coming from the shore and taking me as passenger to Liverpool. It was Captain Weathersby's knowledge of the various Liverpool ships and his acquaintance with the captains sailing from that port, which led the trio to decide that as soon as might be he would make arrangements as described. In large measure this was the most difficult part to plan for it was entirely uncertain when there might be a ship in the harbor commanded by some captain of Mr. Weathersby's acquaintance and confidence leaving for England

within a reasonable time after my escape. It also might not be possible for Mr. Weathersby to make an arrangement with the captain whereby he would sail along the coast to pick me up, as his direct course was out to sea and it might require a day's time of the ship's sailing. My three friends had planned everything out to such a nicety that although the time of my departure from Taylor's place was uncertain, if no further search for me was made, there was every opportunity of my taking ship. Taylor informed me that a constant watch must be kept of the sea beginning on a certain day, after which time I might at any moment expect to see a ship standing in and off the shore. He was at all times in readiness either with the skiff or with the sloop to put to sea and night and day we kept a constant vigil from the top of the cliff. It was arranged that he should watch for four hours and I take my time for a similar length of time beginning and ending the dog-watch, as they do at sea. Mr. Weathersby, in the meantime, was left entirely alone in his endeavors to make sure my escape, for the Chaplain and the doctor had, of course, been put immediately in irons and were held for trial on the serious charge of aiding me. It is needless to say that the whole town was

agog with the gossip and in every household arguments pro and con for me were now beginning to be made, causing an endless amount of whispered accusations and incriminations against Zatick, whom the doctor now accused of the crime upon the evidence of the dying Molly. The colonial governor himself called several times upon the newly made prisoners and listened intently to the doctor's story and the undoing of the web which had been woven around me. My lawyer also now entered into the case with renewed vigor, although I must say he had more kindness than ability. The entire situation could not have precipitated a more unique and embarrassing position for the governor and indeed the entire community. The work of the Mission was seriously crippled and the doctor was needed hourly by the inhabitants of the town. Mr. Weathersby discreetly kept away from any intercourse with the new prisoners and saw to it that he did not visit the Mission or in any way communicate with the Chaplain's wife. In fact, he had in no way been suspicioned as being a member of the trio who had planned my escape and was entirely free to go and come as he pleased, being viewed by the authorities as a new settler with scarcely any friends. This

state of affairs proved conclusively the Chaplain's wisdom in not allowing any of Weathersby's family to call upon me during my confinement, and although the situation was most harrowing to both Hazel and myself, it nevertheless proved to be of the greatest advantage to us.

Day after day I took my watch up on the high cliff at the entrance of the little cove, bathed in the warm sunlight and breathing in the wonderful atmosphere which came off the land or blew in from out to sea. Far beneath me the aquamarine blue waters stretched north and south and far to the east. I built myself a resting place, or nest, between two ledges with blankets laid upon the ground and a pillow to rest my head upon and here I enjoyed the solitude and calmness as the days wore by. My watch from eight till twelve at night and from four to eight in the morning, was oftentimes intensely interesting to me, for I had the keen enjoyment of watching the sun rise, which has always been a great pleasure to me. During the time that I was off duty I either slept or wandered about cautiously to the rear of the cabin, or fished in a little brook nearby or in the cove behind the cliff.

I forgot to mention that it had been agreed that

should Mr. Weathersby be able to induce a captain of some ship leaving the harbor to sail along the shore to meet me, that I should recognize such a ship by a long red pennant flown from the furthestmost head by day, and a signal of two red lanterns lashed to the masthead one above the other, at night.

Taylor's cove was entirely outside of any traffic whatsoever as his cabin was on the edge of a stretch of uninhabited territory that extended more than one hundred and fifty miles south of the village.

Taylor had a faithful friend and ally given him by Chaplain Worthington upon his release from the Colonial Prison. This was no less a personage than "Pudsy," a most energetic and keen-nosed Irish terrier of excellent breed and manners, likewise at all times alert and active. The dog's many tricks and rare intelligence and affection were a continual source of amusement to me, and she was always on duty with us on the top of the cliff, as well as when Taylor or I went into the forest to kill small game of which there was plenty.

It was the keen nose of Pudsy which so often told us the nearness of woodducks and other birds of various species found in the woods. Taylor

loved Pudsy with an affection which was almost pathetic and talked to the faithful shaggy canine as though she were a human being. The dog did his bidding in a marvelous way and would go wherever she might be sent, in dumb obedience, with an almost human expression of devotion in her bright brown eyes peering through her shaggy hair.

As each day passed by I became more and more anxious to obtain news from the Weathersbys as to the possibility of my escape by ship. Also deep within me lay a desire to hear from Hazel, and the fate of brave Dr. Grayden and Mr. Worthington. Although I well knew I should hear nothing until a few days before the ship should leave the harbor, still I was of a restless disposition which increased with each day's ending only to be the greater the next morning. I think Taylor, too, felt the same way for the next morning he said, "Each day betters their chance of coming again, and while I doubt another sea voyage, in time they'll be a coming by the woods or searching as far into the wilderness as they can get."

I appreciated only too well the wisdom of his remarks and I was anxious for his safety as well as for my own. "Surely," I said to him, "fortune is



with us, and Providence cannot so forsake us as to allow us to both be returned."

"Well," said he, "I knows one of us will never go back if they gets him and that's me, Brad Taylor. You see, lad, I'll kill either of them or me before I goes back, and as for you, if they gets you — well, it's pleasanter to die in the sunshine by your own hand or drown in the sea at the foot of the cliff than to be strung up in the prison yards." He stopped suddenly. It was a wonderfully calm morning and all along the shore to the north we could hear Pudsy barking and yelping and whining. Taylor rushed with me back to the cabin and opening the cover hastily ordered me to secrete myself in the hole beneath the floor.

This took but a second, and left me in utter darkness. Taylor disappeared in haste to go out along the shore in the direction in which we heard the dog bark. As I lay in the dark hole on the straw I began to wonder what Pudsy could be barking about and whether it was the warning of approaching danger or not. As I thus lay there suddenly to my surprise I heard the patter of the dog's feet above me on the board floor. She had evidently returned and I almost forgot myself for a second and was about

to whistle to her but my better judgment stopped me in time and I resolved to keep absolutely quiet and listen.

Soon she began to bark and growl and I confess this considerably surprised me. It seemed very strange to me for I thought she had gone along the shore with Taylor and should be at that time a considerable distance along the shore with him. Surely the dog would not growl at me in the hole below especially as she smelled me, as we were good friends.

While thus analyzing the situation her barking and growling above me became incessant and more intense in its tones! What could be the reason? I was seized with the idea that a deputy had come near the house while Taylor was away and that he might at once begin a search of the place to apprehend me, while faithful Pudsy had come back from Taylor sent to stand guard with me until Taylor might be able to return.

These ideas were soon verified. The dog barked ferociously at some one's approach and in a minute the newcomer was talking to the dog keeping him, as I learned, at bay with the aid of a heavy stick. The voice was not Taylor's yet it certainly was the voice of some person which I had heard before.

Nevertheless I kept absolutely quiet for over an hour, at the end of which Taylor came to the cabin to be greeted by the stranger above who stood near the door. Strangely enough neither of the men had ever seen the other before. My heart beat fast as I heard the following conversation:

"Is Ambrose Elwell here?" asked the stranger.

"Ambrose Elwell stranger to me, that ain't my name, my name's Taylor, if you please, ex-convict and minding my own affairs. It's the wrong place, stranger, I don't even know his name. Who are you and how did you come here?"

"My name is Weathersby, a new settler in these parts."

At these words my heart leapt for joy and I almost cried out. "Mr. Worthington sent me here," he went on, "with special messages and instructions. I have had five days of fearful travel alone in the wilderness and am well nigh exhausted."

The mention of the Chaplain's name was all sufficient to the faithful Taylor, and in a second the trap door was opened and I emerged to fling my arms about the former owner of the Blue Ship Tavern.

Hungry for news from Hazel and the final plans for my escape I held my breath while Mr. Weath-

ersby gave me the coveted information. It was nearly dusk. Mr. Weathersby put a letter in my hands with the injunction that I keep it in safety and unopened until my escape was assured. And said he, "I expect the bark *Neptune* will arrive off shore some time to-night with two red lights at the mast-head to notify you of her approach. When safely on board the captain will burn a red flare to notify me that all is well."

We ate our supper in utmost haste and in the last of the twilight the three of us resumed our vigil on the cliff. Taylor seemed to have little to say for a while, but at last he spoke with a peculiar and unusual tone in his voice. "So Pudsy found them both tossed up out of the sea."

"Found both what?" said I.

"They were the two who accused you of cutting the Jew's throat at the Red Swan," said he. "They laid along the shore to the north on the flats in Spring Brook Cove. I dragged them up above high water mark for Mr. Weathersby to see before I carried them off shore to sink them once for all. For I feared that without a witness I might be accused of sending them to their happy home for they were sure sent out to bring us back and by good for-

tune the sea has swallowed them up instead of me. It was easier for them to go that way and there's no stain on my hands by the salt water in getting wet when I pulled them up above high tide. It was a bad night; bad night, that night to try to reach my place and they must of wanted us awful bad to have tried it. Likely they got started and couldn't turn back."

At these remarks I turned my face away straining my eyes looking out on the smooth dark rolling sea.

"The sea will give up its dead," I repeated to myself.

At that instant, in the twilight, I saw two red lights, one above the other. I rubbed my eyes and pointed seaward. At the same instant the others peered out intently with me. Little by little now and then the lights gleamed more distinctly in the distance. Quickly we picked our way down the steep sides of the cliff and when we got to the cove standing on the shore we heard in the distance in back of the house the faithful terrier again barking vigorously. Thus we stood the three of us together on the narrow beach.

"Now, lad," said Taylor, "there ain't a breath of wind for the sloop that lays at anchor and yer know

she's heavy to handle with the oars, the sea is calm, it's up to you to take the skiff yourself and you can easily row her out between the cliffs to the ship that waits for you. It won't be long, but there's a good moon that'll brighten things up a bit. I'm sorry I can't go with you, but according to the noise of the purp back of the house I'm surmising there might be a visitor or two, perhaps coming along to spend the night," and he grinned with a peculiar grin, "so it's haste you must be making and in yer travels, lad, don't forget your old mate, Taylor."

"And," interjected Mr. Weathersby, "don't light the flare when you are safely on board for our visitors may not be friends and the signal from the ship might lead to the discovery of our entire plans."

With these words I said good-by and wept as I grasped the hands of these men, for I felt sure that I would never again lay my eyes on Taylor; and in parting from Mr. Weathersby it is not necessary to say that I was parting from the father of the person whom I loved more than my very life itself. So I thanked them both with a heart bursting with gratitude and pushing the little skiff off into the cove I rowed quietly out towards the open sea. I had scarcely time to say more than, "God Bless You

Both," but I remembered particularly to send my thanks and gratitude to the noble doctor and Chaplain who were now suffering for my sake. And I also sent my tenderest love to Hazel and her sweet mother.

## CHAPTER X

### THE BARK NEPTUNE

Between the cliffs the two red lights flickered as I rowed gently out to sea, every now and then turning my head to catch glimpses of the shadowed reefs and avoid them if possible. Once or twice as the moderate rollers lifted and lowered my little boat I touched the top of some big submerged ledge which I had so often noted and studied from the high cliff above, now fading in the darkness. The red lights ever grew nearer. Soon I was beyond all ledges and the shore loomed up blacker behind me while each stroke of the oars brought me nearer the bark whose heavy black hull became more and more distinct. Soon I came near her and hailed the man on watch who hailed to me with a peculiar accent to "Come alongside."

Somehow, even in the excitement of the moment, I was struck by the peculiar sound and accent of that voice. It sent a chill through me which I could not explain and as I climbed the ladder of



the ship which had been hung out for me as I came alongside the only thought I had was that I had at some time under peculiar circumstances heard the same voice of this sailor who had cried out to me. Once over the side I stood on the deck and in a moment was greeted cordially by the captain who asked me immediately to come aft with him leading me to his cabin now dimly lighted but exceedingly comfortable for a ship's cabin in those days.

Captain Robbins, for such was his name, was most kind to me and offered me a berth on a locker in the cabin or saloon right near his own room. He seemed unusually interested in my comfort and welfare and peculiarly glad to see me and closing the cabin door looked me over with considerable interest and apparent satisfaction. Although I did not know it for a long time to come I found that Mr. Weathersby had in truth told him everything about me, and had even been so good as to pay him twenty pounds for my passage to Liverpool.

We went up on the deck together just as a great red moon appeared from behind some fleecy clouds, casting its sheen of gold and silver each moment more dazzling on the limpid sea. The active crew were setting the various sails trying to fill the great



Each stroke of the oars brought me nearer the bark

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bark away, with the light evening air which rippled in streaks here and there over the mirrored sea. While the great yard arms groaned in their swinging with the song of the creaking pulleys. I watched the dark line of the shore for a glimpse perchance of those high cliffs now hidden from me while the beautiful moon slowly brightened all things around me. Lazy with hardly more than steerage way we drifted out into the endless waste. It was two bells. The captain and the mate chatted near the wheel together giving the wheelsman his course. I stood facing landward looking in vain for a last glimpse of the shore now already lost from my view forever. I had no thoughts of turning in on my locker so entranced was I by the freedom and gorgeousness of it all. Here I was at last assured of my escape, and I longed to light the red flare as a signal to go to Hazel by her father that at last I was safe. Ah, what a confliction of thoughts took possession of me. I longed to be with her I was leaving behind, and my heart went out to the devoted English sweetheart and her friends. God had surely been good to me, but I was now alone keeping within my breast a secret which I feared to disclose to any living soul. I realized also in spite of my happiness with a grow-

ing sense of heaviness that I was a fugitive from justice and God alone knew whether or not I was still so to be until my dying day. Furthermore, I felt guilty at leaving those others in such a terrible predicament entirely on my account.

In this extraordinary frame of mind I went forward to try to divert myself and to look over the good ship. She was a splendidly built, well-lined craft, with good hull and good rigging, formerly used for trade between the West Indies and England, particularly sailing to and from Turk's Island carrying merchandise and salt. Standing back to me in the moonlight I saw the sailor who had hailed me with the peculiar voice and accent only a few hours before. Walking back and forth I several times noticed his short neck and thick-set body outlining his square shoulders in the moonlight. A sailor always has something about him which marks him as a sailor. This fellow neither in the swinging of his gait nor his standing seemed to me like a sailor, so much so that I felt a peculiar attraction in regarding him. Whether it was my eyes upon him or not I do not know but in a few minutes realizing that some one stood near him he turned and said in a whining drawling voice, "Nice night,— nice

night — eh? Nice night, eh — on water, eh — on land, too, perhaps, maybe, what?"

Again I was struck with the same conviction that I knew that voice and sometime I had heard its whining tone. Therefore I walked close to him, keeping myself within the shadow of a sail in which I happened to be standing. There he stood in the bright moonlight and by chance at that moment, he turned his vile face full into the bright rays and in spite of the old sailor clothes he wore to disguise himself I recognized at a glance it was Zatick, the keeper of the Red Swan. Although startled at seeing him I was in the shadow and he did not notice with his beady eyes any of my surprise or agitation. In a moment I turned away and walked aft to the deck where Captain Robbins was walking to and fro. "Well, my friend," said he, "I suppose you will be turning in now. It's a fine night to be at sea, and a good night to sleep. The wind's well aft and everything's drawing. We ought to make a fine run by morning if the wind freshens and holds."

"Yes," said I, "I've been looking around the ship a bit before going below and I am ready for a good sleep." So saying I shook his hand and bade him a good night and accordingly turned in.

If the captain had known my thoughts he would not have ventured the remark, "It's a good night to sleep," for it was impossible for me even to close my eyes for my mind was turning over and over my recent discovery of Zatick. A thousand times I wished the Chaplain and the doctor were here to advise with me and pictured these good men in their cells each time I thought of them. As the moon streamed in through the port-hole and shone on a picture of the captain's wife hanging in the cabin, I imagined it looked like Hazel and I longed to clasp her in my arms and whisper to her in the silence my manly love and devotion. Then I wondered again and again why Zatick happened to be on board and whether he were hounding me as long as I should live, and then again I wondered whether he had learned of the plans now almost consummated to get me to England. I wondered whether he himself was escaping fearing his own exposure and arrest, and I became convinced that he, too, was trying to escape, fearing that because I had not been executed, suspicion might rest upon him if some new evidence had been discovered against him in my absence. Then the question arose in my mind what if he should recognize me. Would he go to the captain

and inform him that I was a murderer and have me put in irons to be held until my arrival in Liverpool and then return? Here indeed were many considerations for me which involved the possible end of my escape.

To relieve my mind as far as possible, I decided to ascertain whether Zatick was in disguise and was concealing his identity or whether he was sailing under his right name working his passage to England and was unaware of the plans which brought me on the same ship with him. The more I pondered over Zatick's presence, the more I satisfied myself that he must be concealing his real character and name. So, as stated above, I decided to find out what I could. I also resolved to keep away from the foremost part of the ship and not allow him to see or recognize me if possible, and this was the way I spent my first night at sea on the good bark *Neptune*.

The next morning was glorious, and I came on deck naked in the warm sun and drew a few buckets of water from the sea which I threw over my body. The ship's decks were drying, having been recently scrubbed down by the crew and the sunshine made a million diamonds on the dancing dark blue and green waves as we bowled along. The taffrail log



I noticed over the stern indicated that we were going at some nine knots per hour which was excellent speed. The sea was fairly smooth and there was a strong steady wind abaft the beam. The great white sails had only been hauled a point or so of the compass during the entire night. Far away behind us was a large island which loomed up pinkish in the morning light making me think of some Giant's castle tinted in bright colors miraged in the liquid ether. A good breakfast of eggs, bacon and coffee, with muffins and preserves, greeted me at the captain's table to which the steward called me and I fell to eating with an appetite such as only a young man of my age could have. During the day I lay for several hours in the warm sunshine, while the soft winds ladened with the smell of the sea made me doze off many times into delicious naps. I did not allow myself to go forward but saw Zatick several times in the distance. The captain was a talkative Scotchman from Inverness, born, however, in the Orkney Islands and like myself, was the son of a fisherman which fact endeared us to each other. It was evident to me that Mr. Weathersby had known him for many years and I found that they had been lifelong friends and boyhood

chums at Inverness together. When I learned this I felt certain that Captain Robbins would indeed be a friend to me. As each day passed and my admiration for the captain increased, I made up my mind to lay my entire life before him, especially as I was in the predicament that Zatick might at any moment expose me and cause the captain to be suspicious of me or even deliver me to the English authorities on our arrival at Liverpool.

Had Zatick not been on board I would have kept quiet and not told Captain Robbins anything but it seemed to me under these extraordinary circumstances that I should tell my story and accuse the murderer in our midst. At any rate each accusing the other might cause us both to be held at Liverpool and I believed furthermore that Captain Robbins was the type of man who might protect me.

The workings of men's minds is so unexpected that had I known the real situation I would have been spared more mental discomfort, for, as I have shown, Captain Robbins was born in the same village with Mr. Weathersby and had loved him like a brother for a whole lifetime and I perceived that the captain believed in him and his judgment as well as his word as though it were the Gospel itself.

Neither did I know that Mr. Weathersby had told Captain Robbins to appear as though he did not know anything about me, fearing it might make me unhappy during our long voyage. So as a matter of fact I was indeed in the hands of my friends without knowing it, and my enemy was in my hands at the one time.

Little did I know those first wonderful three or four days at sea that my complete deliverance would eventually occur through the attempted escape of my enemy who had planned and nearly accomplished my complete destruction and death for the sake of the hoarded gold sovereigns taken with dripping hands from the body of the harmless and thrifty Jew. Fate in my case seemed always to keep my next step hidden from me by means of a maze through which I must wander finally ending for my best.

So, when I told my story to the captain, I was not a little surprised that he evidenced so mild an interest in the whole affair. It happened in this way. It was the evening of the first stormy day after I had left Taylor's place and, as a matter of fact, only four days at sea. I asked the captain to come below as I wanted to talk to him. The dim

hanging lamp over the captain's table gave out a poor light. We sat facing each other while he said not a word, looking me quite squarely in the face with a kindly smile. Never once did he show the slightest expression of doubt on his red-bronzed face. While I rehearsed hour after hour the least detail of these extraordinary happenings he silently gazed in my face until I was entirely through and had unburdened my innermost soul to him. Once or twice, however, when I spoke of my love for Hazel a merry smile and a twinkle I discerned in his face, then concluding I almost held my breath waiting his decision, not knowing that he already knew practically all that I had told him. When all was over he deliberately moved his chair beside me to my side of the table. My head was in my hands while I uttered these words:

"Captain, before Almighty God I am innocent, but unwittingly you are aiding a man convicted of murder to escape. The real murderer not convicted is in your hands for he is on board this ship."

Captain Robbins stood up, "What's that, what's that?" said he. "The real murderer on board!"

"Yes," I replied, "Zatick is here on board disguised as a common sailor. He must be watched,

lest he attempt to murder me or do away with himself entirely, for if he discovers me here he will kill me or inform you I am escaping or upon arriving at Liverpool to protect himself he will inform the authorities of my escape. The moment he sees me he will be seized with a double desperation and fear. Already he is driven to desperation, having learned of my escape at the colony and now driven to distraction he fears his own detection. I am of the belief it was my escape which caused him to disguise himself and leave port on the *Neptune*." —

The captain's face became clouded, his mouth was drawn tight and his eyes flashed. I, thinking that I had not gained his sympathy and support, began to plead with him not to give me up, but such pleading on my part was entirely unnecessary and useless for he put his hand on my shoulder saying, "Ah, lad, forget yer troubles, have we not the cards now with us, and isn't it Charlie Robbins, the friend of Ed Weathersby that's yer friend and isn't it I that's the friend of yer both and yer lassie? Never would a Robbins go back on a Weathersby or his daughter's lover and, furthermore, yer did not know that I knew all before you spake a word and promised your Hazel and her Dad that your life would be safe the minute

you put your foot on deck. But," said he, "lad, we must play each card well and get the evidence together before you put a foot on England's shore. I'm King, Court, Judge and Jury until then. The high sea is ours and no man shall cross my judgment and our friend Zatick will find me a master hard to deal with and used to the like o' him."

My heart went out to the daunt little skipper and I began to see the clouds so long hanging over me clearing away forever. So late that night with the *Neptune* rolling along in a stormy sea, we discussed our plans, and then feeling sure that I was safe from all further harm and carrying out Mr. Weathersby's instructions I opened and read Hazel's letter transmitted to me by her father at Taylor's camp. It may seem strange that I had not read this letter before, but it will be remembered that Mr. Weathersby asked me not to read it until I felt safe in my escape, and having met so unexpectedly Zatick had impressed me with the fact that my safety was not complete. But now with the assassin in our hands I felt certain in my mind that I was virtually a free man in every sense of the word, and here is her letter to me, as though she even knew what had transpired up to the time of the reading:

Dear Heart,

It may be unwomanly for me to disclose to you in writing my unbounded love for you. Since the very night I first met you alone in the Tavern in Liverpool, my heart went out to you, and since that moment I have loved you with an increasing love with each day of your suffering and trials. The simple story of your whole life, your love for your mother, your devotion to her, and your patience and fortitude have taken such hold upon me that I cannot ever be happy unless close by your side. Somewhere, as you read this, your ship is like a dot on the great Atlantic, either in a stormy sea or in the pleasant sunshine of the tropics. Would that I were with you to watch the great ship plow through the cooling white-caps with or clasped in your arms 'neath the starlit sky. From day to day my every thought is of you and my nightly prayer is for your safe keeping and our fond meeting which in due time is sure to come. Captain Robbins is the life-long friend of my father and you may rely upon him in any emergency for he bears with him from me my affection and devotion for you. When you reach America and your island home tell your loved mother to prepare a place for my coming for we have about decided after this affair is over if my father can dispose of his belongings here to come to America or Canada so that my father and mother may be near us. I kiss you a thousand times and trust that you will lay this letter under your pillow each night so that I may be near you in thought until I may be in reality.

With my arms around you,

HAZEL.

The good captain laughed and said, "Keep it, lad, for the likes o' her are scarce and once a lassie like her gives way you may rest assured it's a love well worth having. So Zatick escaped, did he, and is here; well, I'll be damned!" Then he walked up and down the cabin. At last turning, he said, "Come along, lad," and putting on his oil skins he gave me one to put on also; then I saw him put a pair of handcuffs in his pocket, so we went forward in the middle of the night to find Zatick. Mate Hanson was on deck near the wheel when we passed by and the captain stopped a moment to speak a few words to him. The decks were slippery for it was raining and the *Neptune* rolled easily in the trough of an old sea. When we arrived at the forecastle I entered the starboard doorway and the captain told me to ask for Zatick which I did and also spoke pleasantly to several of the crew who replied that there was no man there by that name. Then I entered the port door of the forecastle on the other side of the ship and again asked if there were any man there by the name of Zatick. Several men peered out of their bunks to tell me that they knew of no such person. The captain sent me now to call the second mate and after he had looked through the list of



names of the sailors he replied that there was no such name among the crew. We then decided to examine every man on board and Captain Robbins ordered the second mate to bring to him in the cabin one man after another, and, if Zatick should not be found, he would then search the ship for the murderer from stem to stern. In the after cabin one by one the men were brought down while the steward sat at the table checking off the list of names of the crew which the captain had handed him. They answered their names one by one in sturdy fashion showing some curiosity for the reason of all this. I scrutinized carefully each face, acting under the captain's orders and began to fear that Zatick had hidden himself away or more likely still had thrown himself into the sea. At last all were accounted for, except one, named on the list Max Schmied. When this name was called out I was most astonished because there was no answer and the man apparently was not to be found. Captain Robbins immediately gave orders to search the ship and the whole crew to take part in the search. I have already remarked it is strange how fate directs the happenings and events in our lives. Zatick, or Max Schmied, for God alone knows who he was,

had taken it upon himself this stormy night to descend into the room underneath the forecabin at the very time that the crew were brought to the captain's cabin, it being an opportune time for him to examine a certain small bundle of papers in a leather wallet which he had carefully secreted underneath a pile of waste rope and old rigging.

He did not know of the examination being made and that the entire ship was now being searched for him, neither did he know that I personally had taken great interest in his whereabouts even going so far as to cut open the mattress and bedding in his bunk which I found empty. So at this time, by the light of an old ship's riding light in the small room below he was pulling over the mass of ropes bent on examining and destroying the few papers of value which he had foolishly carried away with him in hopes of getting them into England and obtain some of the Jew's property. He must have seen me on the deck of the ship during the three or four days that I had been on board, although I had used every precaution to avoid him. The captain ordered the hatches open and men went down into the huge hold to examine the cargo and every space where a man might be hidden. As for me, I by this time felt sure that

Zatick must have recognized me and had jumped into the sea. But continuing in my search, happening to see the light below, I climbed down the ladder leading into the little room beneath the forecastle not for a moment dreaming that he might be there. At this time the wind had dropped and the sea caused the ship to roll monotonously. The slat of the sails and the tread of the men with their heavy boots walking on the deck to say nothing of the creaking of the ship's wooden parts, prevented Zatick from hearing me when I came down the ladder. His back was turned towards me and he was facing the light of the ship's lantern, sitting on the coil of rope eagerly scrutinizing the papers one by one. For a brief moment all the suffering and discomfort he had caused me, and so many others, surged in my breast, and my anger took complete possession of me, in a paroxysm of inexpressible madness. The ship lurched and swayed as I crept towards him and bent over him with my arms extended, and my fingers like the talons of a bird of prey. Then with a dive I dug my fingers and nails into his neck and throat and with a cry of frenzied delight I cried out, "At last — you — fiend from Hell!"

He sank to the floor on his back and with my knee upon his chest, his hideous eyes bulged from their sockets while he tried to say something as I choked him almost unto death.

“Tell me all,” I cried, “you offspring of a dirty slut! Tell me, by God, or I’ll wring from your throat either your life or the truth.”

At the same time I pounded his head, banging it on the wooden floor. Surely if I had been left alone with him two or three moments more I would have been a real murderer for I was possessed with a madness to kill him then and there, not without some justifiable cause. But just then, behind me, came the command, “I say there, lad, belay, he’s too good to kill now,—save him, lad, for a jolly piece of rope, belay, there, leave him up or by heaven, Elwell, you will murder the man.” Reluctantly I released my grip, leaving my victim sprawled out on the floor unable to speak or move, and in this condition he lay there for more than an hour,—with the deep blue marks of my fingers on his wrinkled neck. When Zatick came to his senses he was handcuffed to one hand of the second mate and was literally dragged to the captain’s cabin. On the floor was the open wallet and the several papers from it

near by, all of which I put back in the wallet and laid them in my pocket and followed the procession to the captain's room. Zatick's thick lips mumbled something in a whining tone as he gazed before him apparently oblivious to his surroundings. We were ready to ply him with questions, and extract from him his confession. First, there was an old daguerreotype of a man and a woman, apparently in Greek or Sicilian costume — the man was no other person than the brute and assassin seated on my locker in the captain's cabin. I unscrewed one of the lenses of the ship's spyglass and bringing this picture close to the light scrutinized with the glass most carefully, revealing not only Zatick's features perfectly, but also the features of the old hag, Molly Horn. Furthermore, we all could see plainly a dirk at his waist, the handle of which above the sheath was the counterpart of the dirk discovered in my room at the Red Swan. In fact, on the side of the handle, were the same Greek crosses carved into the bone. Indeed, the curve of the sheath was exactly like the curve of the dirk which Zatick used the night of the murder. Next, we opened an envelope containing five ten-pound notes which doubtless was Zatick's share of the poor Jew's gold, converted into

script or paper, but more important in point of proof was the Jew's diary showing his cash entries of expenditures and receipts. Many of these items represented moneys paid to Zatick for board and lodging. Then we found a bank book showing four hundred and thirty-two pounds balance or deposit belonging to the Jew in the London — Bank. Clearly Zatick's object had not been to commit murder for the sake of the few gold sovereigns, but he had planned a much greater theft and his return to London either to impersonate the Jew or use some false document or forgery to take over all his worldly possessions, for we found a large yellow and time-stained envelope containing a mortgage on a small parcel of real estate in Whitechapel. This mortgage was to mature in a few weeks' time and in all probability Zatick had some plan whereby he hoped to foreclose it and obtain title to the property by using some forged bill of sale vesting the title of the document in him. Beyond all dreams of mind these papers in Zatick's possession were of the most damning nature of evidence and beyond peradventure were to set me right in the eyes of the world and exonerate completely the loyal doctor and the generous Chaplain. I almost forgot to mention that

the last thing we found in the old Jew's wallet, for such it proved to be, was my father's silver watch which I was overjoyed to receive back again and which I wear to this very day. So it happened long after midnight that memorable night that the captain, the two mates, the steward and myself, with Zatick, huddled up on my locker, sat together. Zatick's right hand was free and I saw him rest it in his right pocket but did not suspicion that he was about to attempt to do away with himself. Entirely unexpectedly to all present he quickly jerked his hand from his pocket and bringing it to his face opened his mouth and swallowed three or four peculiar black pellets. Although I made a quick dive for his hand as it approached his face, I nevertheless was unable to prevent his action as above described. Immediately Captain Robbins realized that the man would probably shortly expire. Taking him by the shoulders he shook him violently believing that he would any moment drop dead.

"Zatick, you murdered the Jew at the Red Swan! It was you, you!" the captain cried, holding him up against the wall. For a second the assassin's eyes steadied and with the lamplight shining full on his hideous face, he muttered distinctly before he lost

consciousness, "Yes, the Red Swan, the Jew, I cut his throat," and sank on my locker breathing heavily, apparently in a death struggle. Captain Robbins had provided himself with pen and paper and now prepared carefully to write down all that had transpired, setting down the date, and the hour, and the latitudes and longitudes as near as we could reckon in which the ship was at that time. To this document all those present added their signatures, with the exception of my own, which the captain refused to allow me to give. It was now two bells (one o'clock) in the morning. We lifted the unconscious body and carried it through the rain to the fore-castle where the two mates administered to Zatick in every manner possible. Every effort was made to save his life and by six o'clock that morning it was evident that his attempt at suicide had failed for by this time, although unable to speak, he had opened his eyes and showed a consciousness of his surroundings. All these matters the captain also entered in the logbook of the *Neptune* under the heading "Confession of Zatick, latitude — longitude — 1 A. M., February 18th, 1868," with the names of those present at the time of the confession, and again in the logbook they all took solemn oath that they each and



in the presence of each other, heard Zatick say when thus questioned that he had cut the Jew's throat. Besides this a completely accurate address and name of each person including the crew was duly written down so that in case of necessity it might be possible at some future time to have all hands testify of Zatick's apprehension and the checking up of the ship's company.

Oh, how I longed to be back to the colony or transmit the news of the complete exoneration of all to every one concerned! If these occurrences had happened at the time this story was written, we would have flashed the news through the waves of ether to the nearest wireless for transmission to the world. But, such marvellous inventions in those days were unheard of, and it was yet to be some-time before the glad tidings were to reach their destination. The captain and I argued that it might be many months before the news could reach them unless he decided it was best to turn the ship back, and return to the colony at once, for at this time we were only three or four days' sailing and at this time of the year the winds generally were favorable to make a quick return. But in spite of these facts the captain had no intention to allow me

to return in any event because he did not want me to run the risk of any complications which might arise, and, especially, he objected to expose Mr. Weathersby in any manner as an accomplice to my escape, and in spite of my return for the sake of Mr. Weathersby alone I concurred entirely in his views. It was marvellous to see how sacred the captain held the friendship and affection he had for my future father-in-law. The next morning while still discussing what was best to do, the lookout on the bow made out a ship to the east of us on the horizon, apparently bound in a direction crossing our bow. Taking the wheel, Captain Robbins headed us a little bit more off the wind, hoping that he would be able in a few hours to overtake the stranger and that the two vessels by afternoon would be in easy signalling distance. Zatick in the meantime still lived and showed signs that he might survive, for a while at least, the self-administered poison. It was now that the captain decided that he would go back to the colony with Zatick and his confession and deliver him to the proper authorities provided he could obtain passage for me on the approaching ship to which we now began to signal. Although I hated to think of parting from him I was nevertheless only

too glad to be able to have Hazel receive the glad tidings of my deliverance and obtain the release of those who were suffering for me and for my sake at the earliest possible moment. At the last I begged the captain to allow me to go back with the ship and take what further embarrassment there might be in store for me, but he was an obdurate Scotchman with his own mind and ideas and my begging was of no more importance than the wind through the sails. The signals exchanged at last gave us the information that I could be taken on board the clipper ship *Penobscot* bound for New York within less than an hour's time. Going into the cabin I hastily wrote a letter to Hazel which I gave to Captain Robbins to hand to her. And in a short time, although the sea was considerably rough, a boat was lowered and Mate Hanson and four men took me aboard the *Penobscot* which, by this time, had hove to awaiting my arrival. It was well Captain Robbins did things in his own fashion for Zatick lived long enough to reach the harbor and in his dying moments again made a more complete and accurate confession to no less a person than the governor of the colony himself.

It would be useless for me to attempt to describe

my feelings as I stood on the deck of the great clipper ship and watched the hull of the *Neptune* fade away below the line of the horizon.

The *Neptune* had disappeared only a short while when Zatick, in agony, asked for Captain Robbins. He lay in his berth in the starboard side of the fore-castle next to the door, where the mate kept one of the crew constantly watching him, although he was entirely too weak to do more than move his head from side to side or now and again ask for a sip of water to moisten his lips.

Whatever may have been the nature of the poisonous drug which he had succeeded to swallow that stormy night in the after cabin, the deadly potion was surely dragging him down to a miserable ending of horror, against which all simple remedies at hand on shipboard proved of no avail.

Zatick himself knew only too well that his wretched life was nearly at an end and the call for the captain to talk with him signified a readiness and desire to unburden his soul before it should be transported from this world into the presence of the greatest of all judges. With faltering breath and repetition time and time again, the captain gathered from him a life story of crime and depravity

crowned with the murder of the Jew at the Red Swan. Zatick was born a waif of Constantinople in one of the dirty narrow streets of Stamboul. He spent his earliest days in the filthy gutters with the countless street dogs as did countless other unknown children of the great Oriental City. At the time that he was able to walk he was one of the thousands of little beggars asking alms at the entrance of one of the mosques or in the big bazaar. Oftentimes he was sitting at the gate of St. Sophia feigning a devotion for the Godless Mohammed and kneeling in the streets at the sound of the call for prayers by the priests in the minaret towers at sunrise and sunset. From a clever beggar, by the time he was sixteen, he became a more clever thief and robber of the houses beyond the pontoon bridge in the better section of Para. Then we find him a boatman rowing up and down the narrow bosporous slipping ashore at night to climb the walls of the richer Turkish or European residents and rob them while they slept, or load his boat with fruits from their gardens and vineyards to be sold in the market square. Thus he accumulated enough to become part owner of a small vessel used for smuggling along the Dardanelles and in the sea of Monmora,

running to and from Greece where he assisted in the murder of an old Greek merchant aided by Molly Horn, at that time the merchant's trusted house-keeper. Together they fled to Sicily where they maintained a brothel and resort for sailors, until, traced by the Greek authorities, they fled to the Sicilian mountains on the other side of the island.

These facts were jotted down by the captain. While Zatick attempted to tell much more, his words were so unintelligible that it was impossible to get a more detailed account of the history of the first part of his life. How he got from Sicily with Molly Horn to the colony, whether it was through fear or whether he escaped the Greek authorities, no one who listened to his confession was able to gather, but the picture taken from him by me the night that he was in the room below the fore-castle, already described, certainly showed him and Molly to be in Sicilian costume, so that it is safe to say that this much of his story is probably true, although it was never known until the time of this confession that he was a Mohammedan instead of a Greek, as has already been supposed at the colony. As for Molly Horn, no one to this day knows where she came into the world or in what Grecian town she first met

Zatick, and although she had an English or an Irish name she was too swarthy and dark to be of the Anglo-Saxon or Celtic race. At any rate she was devoted to him and assisted him in the murder of both the Greek merchant and the poor Jew at the Red Swan, and it is not to be wondered at that in her dying moments at the Red Swan she wished to unburden her soul, although at that time she did not give the slightest inkling of her former history and even then her confession was not sufficiently clear or substantial to be of evidence weighty enough to grant me a new hearing in the colonial court.

According to Zatick's last statements on the *Nep-tune*, it was his plan, not only to take from the dead Jew the English sovereigns which the poor man described to me my first evening in the ale-room, but previous to my arrival he had been through the Jew's effects and had learned of the mortgage held on the Whitechapel property which was soon to mature. These two opportunities for increased earthly possessions and the fact that he was heavily in debt from losses sustained in running the horrible inn, made him decide to leave the country with debts unpaid, taking Molly with him to London and there secreting himself with her, starting life anew with the

ill-gotten gains from the murdered guests. It has been shown long before this how part of his plans miscarried and how Molly expired the night of the tropical tornado at the time the bolt of lightning from heaven. The loss of his companion and the fear of exposure after my escape, to say nothing of her partial confession, caused him to make his exit from the colony and take ship on the *Neptune* where he met me so unexpectedly. Our meeting was the immediate cause of such fear on his part that he not only attempted to destroy all evidence of his crime but also made him resolve to commit suicide rather than be taken with me to Liverpool. On the other hand I was possessed with the fear, that being an escaped convict, on our arrival at Liverpool he would inform the authorities who I was and I would be the one to be returned to face my execution. So here again the hand of fate favored me through my worst enemy's dread and fear.

The *Neptune* in two days' time arrived in the harbor with the Union Jack at half-mast, signifying that there was a death on board. In fact Zatick died the very night before the ship dropped anchor. The captain was rowed ashore and immediately went to the governor's house. He had considerable difficulty



## 196 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

in obtaining an audience for the reason that the governor was about to leave, as he had been requested to visit the Chaplain. As the governor came out upon the veranda, Captain Robbins met him and insisted that he had news of great importance to give him.

From the governor's veranda, across the town out in the harbor could be seen the *Neptune* lying at anchor and Captain Robbins introduced himself with the statement that only seven days before he had set sail for England and bore with him messages from the governor to the British Foreign Office. He explained that his ship had been obliged to return to port for no other reason than that while four days out he had discovered the real murderer of the Jew and had also believed it his duty to report this murderer's confession particularly as he had learned that an innocent man was about to be executed for the crime.

As they sat on the veranda, much to the captain's surprise, Hazel's father approached them through the long line of trees coming from the colonial mansion's gardens. Mr. Weathersby was no less surprised to see Captain Robbins than the captain was to see him, and immediately realized that some

strange and unusual occurrence must have caused the *Neptune's* return, for at that moment he also saw the ship lying at anchor in the harbor and noticed the flag at half-mast. Poor Mr. Weathersby was in a most embarrassing position, but nevertheless he decided to meet the situation with as little apparent disturbance of mind as he might possess, although he was more than anxious concerning my welfare and was more or less apprehensive that I might have had some catastrophe overtake me. At that moment Captain Robbins and the governor were entirely absorbed in the discussion and reading of Zatick's confession. In fact the governor gave orders to dismiss the carriage which awaited him and removing his hat, for the day was warm, he sat opposite the captain at a small table entirely absorbed in the story which the captain dramatically and chronologically was giving him so, therefore, Mr. Weathersby instead of being obliged to speak, stood in silence near the two absorbing word for word the dramatic story which exonerated me as well as the doctor and the Chaplain. It was evident from Mr. Weathersby's expression that he was so pleased that he could hardly refrain from entering the discussion.

"Well," said the governor, "this is indeed a most remarkable story and a happy ending. No case which has come before me with such urgent request for executive clemency has caused me so many sleepless nights and such keen interest. The affair was so simple yet Elwell seemed so entirely innocent that his execution would have caused me a pang of remorse and regret which I should have carried with me until my dying day. On the other hand the evidence was so strong against him and he had so little in his own defence, that it seemed entirely clear that justice had been given and the law of the land sustained but with such overwhelming evidence as you present and with a confession of this kind duly attested to and witnessed by many persons there is only one thing that I can do and that is to grant immediate pardons for all concerned." Mr. Weathersby stood speechless and motionless, not knowing exactly what to say but radiant with the knowledge that he soon would be able to bring to Hazel a pardon for me which was the only thing in the world now which could bring her back to happiness and give her a new lease of life. For several months her health had been exceedingly poor and her father

and mother both feared that she was destined to be ill. In fact, a physician had warned them that unless some change occurred in her mental attitude and her anxiety were relieved that she might have to return to London in order to obtain a change of scene and even then he feared that she might be stricken with tuberculosis because for many weeks she had been affected with a dry and hacking cough. The governor turned to walk away saying, "I will prepare the pardons immediately. Let me see, I said there would be three pardons, whereas there must be four," and taking out a notebook and pencil he jotted down my name, home address also, and the names of the Chaplain and doctor. Captain Robbins replied, "I do not see why there should be four pardons," whereupon the governor smilingly replied that "Elwell must have two pardons, first, a pardon for murder, and second a pardon to be given me for breaking jail." Whether or not the governor in his good nature really meant this statement, I never knew, because I received only one pardon from his gracious hands. While he was gone Mr. Weathersby and Captain Robbins sat on the veranda together and again the whole story was rehearsed and

in a whispered voice Mr. Weathersby told of the happening at Taylor's place after I made my escape that night in the skiff.

Pudsy was right. There were two more deputies following a few hours later and arriving at the cabin shortly after Weathersby's arrival, but finding no trace of me they searched the property carefully and examined Taylor at length, only to be shown the two dead bodies of the other deputies cast up by the sea and with Weathersby and Taylor they carried their ghastly freight back to the colony. It was a strange happening. Shortly after I had made my departure one of the deputies looking out upon the cliffs insisted that he saw a light off shore several miles out to sea. This, doubtless, was either the red or green light of the *Neptune* waiting for me as I left them standing on the shore.

In a few moments the governor returned with three documents and gave the order for his carriage to immediately come to the veranda. Within one-half hour's time Captain Robbins, the governor and Mr. Weathersby, alighted at the entrance of the prison. The great door was opened and they hurriedly walked through the corridors to the cells of Dr. Grayden and the Chaplain. A considerable

commotion was caused by the appearance of the governor himself and the guards gathered around him with faces of inquiry which betokened interest in the matters which were about to transpire.

With hasty step he reached the cells of my two friends and no less person than the warden himself opened their prison doors. It was a most dramatic meeting for both men were personal friends and acquaintances and therefore it was of unusual pleasure for the governor to personally extend to them the hearty grip of one Englishman to another, and to place in their hands the documents which were of such momentous import to them both. Then, with a merry twinkle, he turned to Captain Robbins and said, "Captain, I entrust to your safe keeping and command you to deliver the pardon for Ambrose Elwell. Wherever he may be it is your duty and the duty of these two men who are now free, to see to it that his whereabouts are discovered, for I confess that neither I, nor the authorities, have the slightest idea where he may now be in hiding, or how to reach him with my best wishes and the pardon which I now hand to you. Doubtless some one of the gentlemen present, and perhaps all of you, know what has happened to him, for surely our good

## 202 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

Chaplain and our physician would never have placed themselves in such jeopardy and disgrace were it not for the fact that they were sure of Elwell's safety and also knew of his whereabouts and would prove his innocence!"

Then, being busy with other affairs, the good man shook hands with all those present, excused himself, and walked alone down the corridor. Taking his carriage, disappeared.

It took but a short time to change the clothing of the two men now exonerated, and within an hour's time, after the governor's appearance, Captain Robbins, Mr. Weathersby, the Chaplain and the doctor were walking towards town. Recognized on every hand the inhabitants of the town soon made such demonstrations that the town assumed almost a holiday appearance. News travels fast in such a place as this and it was soon known that the body of the self-confessed murderer was laying out in the harbor and that those who aided in my escape had been pardoned. Immediately the question arose as to my whereabouts. The one person who could answer that question was Captain Robbins and he discreetly kept his silence until such time as he sat

on the veranda of Mr. Weathersby's house that evening in the twilight.

The whole matter was kept a secret until after supper for fear that to Hazel the joyful news might be too great a shock for her to bear. At the table, with her keenness, she noticed an unusually happy and mysterious atmosphere. Of course, Captain Robbins' return gave her an inquisitiveness and excitement which she could not contain. Time and time again she begged Captain Robbins to tell her why he had so suddenly come back and begged him to give her information of me, to which request he answered smilingly, "Wait until after supper."

It was a beautiful night. Mrs. Weathersby and Hazel sat together on a comfortable settee or lounge under the shadow of the overhanging veranda. They were both very nervous. The Chaplain and his wife as well as Mrs. Grayden and her husband, sat near them, while Mr. Weathersby stood beside his wife and daughter holding her hand. Then Captain Robbins described my leaving Taylor's place and each and every fact that transpired. His listeners were held spell-bound. The darkness crept over the green foliage and the mists came up over the meadows.



Hazel's head was on her mother's shoulder and the expression of her face was one of resignation come what would. She said nothing—but her bravery and calmness elicited the sympathy of all those present. Several times even Captain Robbins turned his face away when he looked into her beautiful face with glistening eyes. The light shone through the window from the house within.

At length the story was over. Hazel was too happy and relaxed to even move her head from her mother's breast. Her face was beautiful in its silence but unusually pale. Then Captain Robbins arose and took from his pocket a large envelope addressed on the outside to "Ambrose Elwell—Whereabouts Unknown, Care of Captain Robbins, British Bark *Neptune*." He placed the envelope in Hazel's lap. But her hands were cold and she did not seem to be able to hold it. She did not open her eyes. Gently they carried her to her room, for in the joy of her excitement she had swooned. In a short time she revived and fell asleep.

With the morning sun streaming through the window she saw, lying on the bed, the envelope which her mother had laid on the bed for her. Opening it she read it with a cry of joy and clasped

it to her bosom. Then she kissed the letter I gave Captain Robbins which I so hastily wrote before climbing into gig to go on board the *Penobscot*. It read as follows:

Captain Robbins will tell you I am free. Zatick has made a full confession.

I shall not attempt to describe the plans of those good people concerned and the various meetings and the decision that they would all return to England.

It is sufficient to say that the leaving of the Weathersbys was a universal demonstration of kindness. Best wishes from their countless friends and many a Bon Voyage and God Speed You on your way were given them. In a week's time the *Neptune* left the harbor with its precious freight on board bound to England then to America to carry me the most precious piece of paper and most precious wife that man ever had.

The Chaplain and his wife and Dr. Grayden remained in the colony for some time to assist Mr. Weathersby in settling up his affairs, and if I remember rightly for many years they lived happily there, returning eventually to England where they ended their days on their native soil.

Captain Robbins, bless his memory, sailed the seas

for many years thereafter and gave a helping hand to many a person he met on life's way until at last he was wrecked and lost some four hundred miles south of the Azores.

I set sail for New York City where, after a month's voyage across the Atlantic, I landed in perfect safety and proceeded to my island home.

It was dusk when I rowed into our little harbor. A light shone through the window of the house. Scarcely waiting to pull the boat on the beach, I ran up the little pathway from the shore and threw myself in my mother's arms. It was hours before I was able to tell her and Joseph of my various experiences and adventures. We sat together the most part of the night talking, and devoutly thanking God for my deliverance.

Always, however, there was the omnipresent fear with me and my little mother, that my whereabouts might become known. As each day passed there was an increasing dread of gossip and talk among our friends and acquaintances and the growing dread that I be branded as a murderer and an escaped convict and a fugitive from justice. So, in spite of my safe return after so many months of suffering and horror, my mother and myself always carried in our

breasts the terrible dread of the discovery of my incarceration and conviction by people of our acquaintance. Many times I was asked where I had been, and to what ports I had sailed, but I always evaded the question or gave some simple answer in reply. My mother was of the utmost comfort and solace to me and although she had the same apprehension as I and feared lest the British authorities might eventually seek me out, her faith in the Divine Creator was so strong and her simplicity so sweet, that she succeeded in the countless hours of motherly affection which she devoted towards me to quiet my fears and urge me to pursue my daily tasks, and forget so far as possible the past which lay behind us.

As I have said, she was a most saintly and upright woman and her boundless affection and kindness to me sustained me at this time when I needed a tremendous moral support. The excitement of my adventures left me in rather a morbid and dull state of mind. Day after day I at length described in detail the entire story — from the day I left the harbor, until my return, so that she became as much acquainted with my every movement as though she had been there herself. I agreed then, at her re-

quest, that at some time in the future I would write down the entire story so that it might be made a record and carefully kept in our family.

It was now three months or more since I had reached home and held my mother in my arms. Some six thousand miles away from me there was another world which had experienced its full share of heartaches, trials, and tribulations.

The poor Chaplain and the doctor were speedily brought to trial and in spite of a request by the Colonial Governor himself for leniency they were each sentenced to ten years in prison!

In the meantime my attorney, Culvert, had not been entirely idle for he made many investigations of Zatick's place and questioned him daily before he escaped. The authorities themselves searched the place thoroughly but Zatick was most earnest and emphatic in his protestations of innocence. The gold which had been taken by Molly's brother was turned into English shillings and paper pounds. Here and there Larry exchanged it. Little by little Zatick, being anxious to eradicate all possibility of detection, and he too occasionally made small purchases with a sovereign or two.

All evidence of the sovereigns themselves had

been carefully taken care of even before my escape. Larry Horn carefully burned the sack in which Zatick and Molly had hidden the gold, but Zatick kept the mortgage and old daguerreotype beneath the jug in the cellar closet until in disguise he shipped on the *Neptune*. In spite of all this Larry accumulated an ever increasing fear lest he might be arrested or accused of being an accessory after the fact — although in truth he had no knowledge of the crime until long after it had been committed.

He was, however, carrying in his sordid bosom a knowledge of the murder imparted to him by his sister and both he and Zatick feared that the doctor, although then safely in jail, might succeed in convincing the authorities that I was innocent and fasten the crime where it belonged. My escape gave them many misgivings!

It was night. The blue white northern lights streaked the heavens — bright stars shone like diamonds above the glassy sea, reflecting their brilliancy like dotted gems upon the ocean. Scarcely a breath of air disturbed the placid waters of the Bay surrounding my island home. Only the gentle surging of the sea rippled and rolled lazily against the shores of the inlets; reefs and a tiny crescent moon lent

beauty to the scene. We all slept, having spent the day in the performance of our simple tasks.

We were awakened by the sound of oars coming and then by the creaking of a boat on the pebbly shore and into the cove. Going to the window I saw a man and two women walking up the path towards our house. Opening the door I asked them to come in for the night was cold and crisp. The man stayed behind and turned his back to look upon the sea. One of the women entered the doorway and stretching out her arms murmured my name. I knew her voice and could not reply. Bending forward I enveloped her in my arms. For several moments no one spoke, so overcome with happiness were we all. My head reeled and I sank on my knees upon the floor. Hazel knelt beside me and my mother stood beside us sobbing.

Joseph lighted the lamp and picked up a large envelope addressed to me which bore the Imperial seal of the lion and the unicorn. Not saying a word, he opened it, and with a cry of joy passed it to my mother. Hazel was most brave. With soft hands she stroked my forehead with tenderness and devotion. The shock at seeing her had completely overcome me and it took me a considerable while to

realize that she, her father and mother were so near me, having traveled across two oceans to bear me the tidings which were forever to relieve my mind and give me the solace which belonged to an innocent and harmless human being. All that night in blissful conversation we rehearsed those happenings now like a closed book, and when I was sufficiently clear in my mind to comprehend the goodness of the Divine Providence which had fallen upon me, I with trembling hands read the document which was a complete exoneration and pardon for my supposed crime.

From that moment a new world opened before me and the blood surged through my veins with an ever increasing strength and warmth. I realized that never again should I be parted from the valiant and faithful little woman who had so marvelously and constantly been my staunchest support and stay in my serious affliction. No man has ever lived who had such a sweet wife with such boundless affection and devotion and limitless constancy and womanhood. Hour after hour her great eyes looked into mine and I wiped away her tears of joy with fervent kisses and embraces.

Her father was also overcome by his emotions and



212 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

kneled down and gave thanks to the Creator for the deliverance of all, explaining to me shortly after the release of the Chaplain and Dr. Grayden, which happened as I have already described.

## CHAPTER XI

### OUR MARRIAGE — HAZEL'S STORY

And so Hazel came to me and became a part of me. While I sit here and write she refreshes my memory and helps me in my narrative.

Across the mile or so of water to the Isle au Haut I can see as though yesterday, a small boat with us all. The little spire of the white church raises itself above the trees bathed in the sunshine. The misty fog hangs on the mountain top and rolls out to sea. The little bell is tolling joyously. Every fisherman with his wife or sweetheart for miles around is crowded in the little church. The sun streams in through the little stained-glass windows while the choir sings.

Dressed in my best I lead Hazel to the altar and the Divine words which made us man and wife are pronounced. We go out through the door and pass the little cemetery where my father lies so still and I show her the reason for my leaving home which brought her here. . . .

## 214 AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SWAN

It was fall. Leaving the congratulations of our sturdy friends, it was our sole desire to be alone. Accordingly we wandered up the little pathway from the Church which led into the brilliant fall foliage. The hillside was radiant! The yellows, greens and reds were darkening in the shadows of that autumn afternoon. The woods were still, disturbed only now and then by the harsh-voiced bluejay. The intervalle land to our left was seer and brown and yellow. Cows gathered close to the farmer's gate ready to be driven homeward before the evening mist. The lingering sunshine gilded the treetops on the higher hills of the Isle of Haut and the blue gray of eventide wrapped itself over the meadows. Here and there the leaves had left the younger trees stark and naked and lay dampened as a carpet in the woodland. Our day of happiness had come. In the distance we heard the voices of little children. The little brook softly slipped its waters through the field onward toward the sea. As though it were a hallowed moment in the very life of that day, all nature was dressed in gorgeous but ever darkening color. Then, if ever, we realized the love and beauty of God's world as though the Creator had given us this day of beauty for ours alone. The

pathway we trod by the sea is silent but the sea rushes on. The laurel leaf is as green as it was then, while its saddened neighbors the oak and maples have lost their beauty. The very earth beneath our feet exuded a woodsy perfume. The golden rod has withered and gone but it will ever bloom in our hearts.

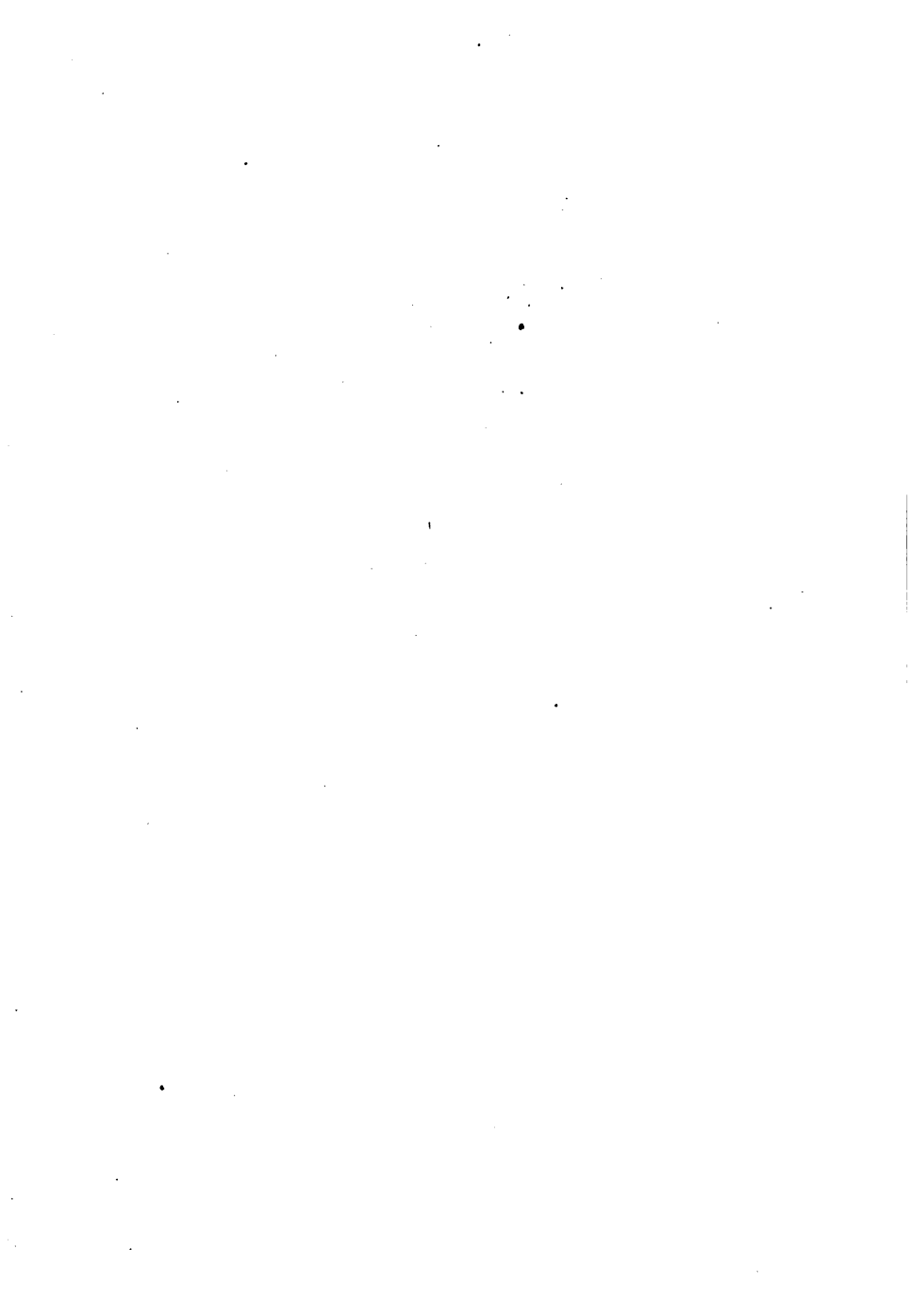
Hazel turned to me with a deep expression in her eyes. "Ambrose," said she, "there is one thing in my life that I have kept from you until now." I drew her closer towards me for her father had already told me what she was about to say. "You see," said she, "when I first met you in Liverpool I told you of the young barrister who was so obnoxious to me, but I never told you it was he who was your attorney. Do you remember when in prison that you showed him the Bible which my mother gave you? Well, when he found out that you were a friend of mine he was most eager to help you in every way possible, for at that time he believed that I might marry him. After your conviction in some way or other he learned of my affection for you. Shortly after that he discovered that your escape was accomplished through my father's aid and planning. Daily and constantly he sought my hand and

at last in desperation informed me that he would inform the governor immediately of the whole plan laid down for your escape unless I promised him that I would marry him after you had extricated yourself from prison. No more contemptible man lives on this earth than he. If I had not agreed to his wishes and promised to become his wife no power on earth could have saved you from the fate which would have overtaken you in a few hours. You can imagine the terrible position in which he placed me and I dared not mention a word of the subject to any living person for the least slip in my promise meant sure death for you, my loved one!

“Then the ship came back with the dead Zatick. Oh, what supreme relief came to my heart when Captain Robbins handed me your letter and pardon. Your freedom, Ambrose, meant my freedom as well!”

The sun was setting on the hills. We stood there together and again we heard the voices of little children.

THE END



**This book is under no circumstances to be  
taken from the Building**

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